MORE ZEPPELIN CLAIMS PAID—See page 10.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 509 | SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

A 173732

For meaning of this number see page 8.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

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What We Will Pay.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally-disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

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You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

March 4, 1916 .....

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If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

March 4, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

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possesses tooth cleansing and antiseptic properties which protect the mouth and throat from germ infection—removes any bad taste in the mouth and leaves instead a clean, comfortable feeling. "T.M." is a favourite amongst those who discriminate between a merely nice flavoured and a real scientific Dentifrice.

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Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/- per tube; in Powder form, 6d. per tin; or post free from the Proprietors:
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Dept. J.B.), Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

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Gent's 3/6, Post Free. In Dove. State Waist Size over undervest.

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Made in light but strong Coutil, with Elastic Armholes, neatly boned for shoulder support. Best ENGLISH make and finish. Easily adjusted, light, comfortable, and imperceptible when dressed. **Money refunded in full under guarantee AFTER SEVEN DAYS' WEAR if not entirely satisfactory.** SENT IN PLAIN WRAPPER. Foreign Post, 6d. extra.

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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 509. Week ending Saturday, March 4th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Next Prime Minister.

In the event of Mr. Asquith resigning—mark you, we say "in the event" of his resigning—the only clue we can give you to the name of his successor is that it will contain the letter "*e.*"

Still Growing.

So we are to have more Cabinet Ministers! Do you remember the Latin tag—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—Who shall guard the guardians? Sounds very learned, doesn't it? We got it from the appendix to a six-penny dictionary.

Where are We?

The Government says we may have a little distraction in the way of racing, provided we don't use the railways; and now it is talking about prohibiting the use of motor-cars for "pleasure." But then racing isn't *always* pleasure, is it?

Discretion and Desertion.

Ramsay Macdonald was absent from the Peace debate in the Commons. We wonder why.

Who said "Economy"?

After mature consideration the Cabinet have decided to give a lead to the nation. In a splendid spirit of self-sacrifice, they have consented to receive one-quarter of their salaries in Exchequer bonds—"the best investment in the world," to quote the Government's own advertisement! *We* are willing to take our entire salary in that form.

Southwick's Sons.

Here is a Sussex record—from "sleepy Southwick," as it is sometimes called. The ages of Privates Gander and Hunt, both in the Royal Sussex Regiment, total over 131 years; and Gander has already done 25 years in the Royal Navy Reserve, has three sons fighting in the Army and two in the Navy. How proud our old friend the Vicar must feel!

Make them Fight.

It is surely absurd that at several of the Appeal Tribunals attested young men are being exempted on the sole ground that they are sons of naturalised Germans.

Watch America!

And do not forget that we told you.

A Legal Sensation.

The Courts and the Temple are busy with rumours of a forthcoming sensation. That is not telling you much in the way of secret history, but we believe it to be the proper form of announcement.

Biting.

Apropos of the presents at a recent wedding, one of our readers remarks—"Rubies—the colour of the rivers of blood that rush along daily; pearls—the colour of the dead; diamonds—that glitter like the eyes of the agonised dying, or like the more awful eyes of the mad." Never mind whose wedding it was.

The Joy Bells.

How does this—from an Esher reader—strike you?:—"The other Thursday morning I was awakened at half-past six by a joyous peal of bells emanating from the tower of the Esher Village Church. At last some great British victory, was my first thought—but eagerly as I scanned the morning papers upon their arrival, I could find nothing to justify that joyous peal. Again at seven in the evening the joy bells rang again. Then it was that I discovered the bells were ringing to celebrate the birthday of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, whose only son is fighting against the land of his birth at the present time." Funny people, aren't we?

The *Appam.*

Is it the fact that—owing to there being on board only one wireless operator, who was naturally asleep during the night—a warning message from the Navy was never received? Are shippers doing so badly just now that they can't afford to look after the safety of their passengers and cargo?

Lighted Camps.

Of course the Zepps will never come over Salisbury Plain—of course not! Still, *in case*, wouldn't it be as well if at night the electric lights were obscured?

Wonderful Nature!

What a wonderful thing mother Nature is! In pre-war days there was a preponderance of female births over males; and now, we understand, the reverse is the case. So cheer up, pretty maidens.

Everywoman's.

How this splendid, clean little paper is going ahead! Just take a copy home for the womenfolk.

East Herts.

We wish "P. B." all the best of luck in his plucky assault upon this old Party stronghold; and regret that our hands are too full to permit of our giving him our active support. He tells us that the local betting is 2 to 1 on him—but that is what they said at Mile End!

Fools take chances, wise men don't. **See page ii of cover.**

Prince of Wales' Fund Expenses.

There is, or used to be, a general impression that the Prince of Wales' Fund was voluntarily administered, and that the working expenses were exceedingly small. If the general impression is correct, what is the explanation of the statement of Mr. Courtenay Wells, the Elective Auditor of Croydon, that the local charge for administration in the last financial year was £998 odd for "working expenses"?

Decoy Flares.

Big brains have bidden us to douse the glim, because the showing of a light attracts the attention of our unwelcome visitors in the airy spaces. That is taken to be proven fact. Now, logic tells us that, when we prove one thing, we at the same time prove the contrary. Have the big brains of Britain considered the advisability of setting up lights and flares for the express purpose of guiding bombs to drop where they would do no harm? The idea is that, if a town be left in darkness, and artful illumination contrived on some adjacent moor or common-land, the decoy light might receive attentions which the town would willingly be without.

Boastful Cowardice.

Mr. Wilfred Hammond, signing himself as Hon. Secretary, Hornsey Branch of the National Union of Clerks, recently sent out a circular letter to members, in which he urged them "to keep the N.U.C. Flag flying." Any other flag, apparently, may come down with a run for all Wilfred Hammond cares, unless it be that he cherishes a hope to see the German flag at the top of the flagstaff, for he boastfully declares, in the same circular-letter, "Under the terms of the above (Military Service) Act, one or two members, including myself, will be called upon to fulfil duties which we shall refuse, whatever the consequences may be, which will mean that we shall be forced to disappear from the scene of action for a little time." If this "Hon." Secretary does adopt the line of action paraded so truculently in his correspondence, it is to be hoped his disappearance will not be for the "little time" he counts upon.

A Barnacled Boat.

The official explanation of the shortage of tonnage for the conveyance of food gives one furiously to—laugh; not as a mark of merriment, but as an indication of scorn for the intellig nce of the Party hacks who receive with approval the "It was the other fellow" declarations. Day after day particulars of the blunders and bungles of our Great Incompetents are poured into our ear. Among the latest of these is a scandal concerning a vessel of about 8,000 tons deadweight, purchased some nine or ten months ago from Messrs. Harris and Dixon, at a cost of £90,000. It was intended to employ her as a hospital ship, and she was fitted for this duty at a cost of another £60,000. She, however, still lies at one of our ports, with a shore crew on board, having done nothing during the whole of the ten months, although in that period—without entailing the extra expenditure in the way of fittings—she could have carried from 20,000 to 25,000 tons of much needed grain from the Argentine. The authorities now talk of selling her—of course, scrapping the £60,000 worth of unused hospital gear. If precedent is followed, after thus disposing of her at an immense loss, she will be requisitioned again for Government service at a further great outlay! And thus the merry game goes on!

"Desecrating the Sabbath."

The other day the Germhuns desecrated the Sabbath by an air raid on Lowestoft and Walmer between the church bells and the luncheon gong—following a similar feat at Dover on Sunday, January 23rd, at about the same hour of the day. Evidently their morals are becoming more and more deplorable and their customs more and more irreligious. If they have the conscience to bombard us by aeroplane on Sundays, what must we expect on Good Fridays and other holy days? Can it be that they are now strafing us for publishing papers and opening picture shows, public houses, parks and other pernicious places on the Sabbath? Will the Rev. F. B. Meyer and other great divines please inquire into this and report?

The Poor Clerks.

Since we detailed the grievances of clerks at Plymouth Dockyard, we learn they have brothers in misfortune at Enfield and Woolwich. Writers and draughtsmen doing high-class work, with anything from 5 to 30 years' service, but not "on the establishment," complain that their wages remain stationary, though men working in the factories have received two augmentations of pay, "owing to the increased cost of living." And a similar story comes from York, where the civilian clerks at the Army Ordnance Depôt receive an average maximum salary of 30s. Yard labourers can earn more, and they, in addition, get a weekly bonus of 4s. On weighing up the matter, it becomes clear that the authorities consider that their clerks are the only people in the country who are not affected by the increased cost of living.

The Shipping List.

If Germany requires a Guide for her submarines—a Guide, Time-Table, *Who's Who* of Ships, Directory, and Information Bureau, all in one—it is surely unwise on this country's part to supply her needs—daily, willingly, and in full measure. Practically every daily paper publishes a column or two of "Shipping News." The information therein contained is a complete list of all our shipping in all the waters of the Seven Seas. All the very latest information is there; the name of every ship, and her sailing dates. You can follow her course, day by day almost, because every port she touches at is notified, and the dates of her arrival and her departure are printed, from the start of her voyage to the end of it- should the German submarine suffer her to finish that voyage. The "Shipping News," printed daily, is a column that must be blacked out.

The Atrocious Aked.

Certain citizens of the United States are boosting an organisation known as the American Embargo Conference, its object being to stop the export of war materials to this country. American papers say the move was planned by von Bernstorff and is financed by Dr. Albert, the notorious German agent. A number of German-Americans are announced among the principals, together with many bad Americans. Its nominal head is a man named Dr. Bernard Hale, said to be a "paid employee of the German Embassy." Into this menageric enters Dr. C. F. Aked, the renegade Englishman who was once pastor of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, and who figures as Chairman of the Advisory Board. Nobody hates his native land like a skunk who turns traitor to it, yet we occasionally marvel what it was that originally excited the venom and malice of this creature, Aked. Did not Liverpool worship him enough? Was he crossed in love? Or would he sell *any* country for mere money?

No Pen at its price can compare with the "John Bull" Pen.

Hunting for the Truth.

Where is the truth to be found? Mr. Runciman is quoted as saying, "There is a shortage of 40,000 dockers at our great ports, but the authorities are getting men back from the Army." Against these definite statements, let us oppose the experience of a docker who writes us to criticise them rather scornfully. He has to be up at 4.30 in the morning to make sure of his job at the Royal Victoria Docks. And he says: "This morning I saw over 1,500 men turned away, and I am speaking of only part of the docks. . . ." If our correspondent is right, Mr. Runciman is decidedly wrong.

Campanology.

Hammersmith wants help. It wishes somebody would persuade the Vicar to stop the regular ringing of the bells at the Parish Church. Their clamour and their clangour clash out at certain hours of darkness, peals of noise ascending to the high heaven and asking with brazen voice for Zeppelins kindly to note the exact position of the Borough of Hammersmith. These "pro-German" bells, as the local newspaper calls them, are regarded as a menace, and the burgesses are begging somebody to get the Vicar to cancel their clatter. Any help, from the Council, the police, or the Anti-German Union would be much appreciated by a shuddering suburb.

Cherchez la Femme.

News from the back: "Sir,—In times when bankers are urging the public to cut down expenses, it is amusing to learn that a young lady of no business experience, eighteen years of age, has been engaged at the Bank of England at a salary of £3 a week. I know of ineligible males with responsibilities who would be glad of such a stipend, and whose experience would be more valuable to the Bank." We publish this informing intelligence for what it is worth. Personally, we can trust the Bank of England; we would trust it with a young lady of eighteen as readily as with our gold and silver and jewels. Though the young lady may have no business experience, she may be an interpreter of tongues or be able to sit upon a Board of Governors. Certainly, she is not to be judged wholly by her salary or the charming way she does her hair.

Queer Stories of Contracts.

Here are a couple of queer stories about War Office contracts: At the outbreak of war, a firm of leather goods manufacturers, in London, received contracts from the War Office for about £200,000 worth of various kinds of leather equipment The contracts proved unremunerative, the firm suspended payment, and the Receiver appointed on behalf of the debenture-holders was allowed to finish the contracts outstanding. These he completed to the satisfaction of the authorities. Before discharging the managers and staff, some 300 in all, he asked for the opportunity of tendering for further contracts. The answer he received from the War Office was that it was against official rule to place contracts with Receivers—though it is known that contracts *have* been placed with Receivers by another branch of the War Office—to wit, the Ministry of Munitions. The result is the dismissal, or impending dismissal, of hundreds of skilled workers and the forced sale and dispersal of £7,000 worth of machinery. But *after the sale had taken place*, the War Office sent a telegram to the Receiver instructing him not to sell, although the whole of the facts had been before them for months previously, and they had received daily reminders of the coming break-up. And then they cry "Too late."

"Punished on Promotion."

Apropos of our paragraph as to the Glasgow Town Council terminating their allowances to former employees who had joined the Army, here is a case from the North British Railway: One of its servants was receiving 30s. a week on joining up. On the promise of getting half pay from the Company, he enlisted as corporal. His wife was paid 14s. 8d. a week for six weeks. The husband was then promoted sergeant, and, on the Company becoming aware of this, the woman's allowance was at once stopped and a "war bonus" of 2s. 8d. a week substituted. Probably the North British are economising for the poor shareholders. The railway trade is in a very bad way just now, you know.

Massage or Hair Cut?

Under the L.C.C. General Powers Act, part v., relating to establishments for massage and general treatment, many suburban hairdressers are surprised to find that they have to pay a guinea fee to the London County Council before they shave the public and cut and shampoo its hair. In the case of many or most hairdressers, this is a gross infliction, implying as it does that they are as much under suspicion as the scandalous West-End massage fit-ups which the Act was largely designed to suppress. Why should a man who for years has carried on his business as hairdresser respectably in an open shop be imposed on in this way by the Council, when it is obvious that Parliament never intended the Act to apply to him any more than to grocers, or cobblers, or butchers, or any other persons carrying on a legitimate trade in the community?

"Hammersmith's Shame."

Since we told the story of the committal order issued by two Hammersmith Justices against a soldier at the front, for unpaid rates, we have been able, by the kindness of readers, to pay the amount due. We have now received a sum of £2 18s. for the same purpose, sent from France by sergeants of the 2/5th Lancashire Fusiliers. They are justly indignant with the Magistrates who could condemn a man to prison in the circumstances, and suggest that such actions retard recruiting. They are full of admiration for the soldier's wife, who paid £3 of the money due out of her scanty allowance, and then ask, "Are there no medals for such women as these?" Noble women like that are proud to do their bit and seek no other reward. The fine honesty and pluck of this Hammersmith woman rebuke the foolish, blundering "Justices," so scathingly condemned by our friends, the sergeants of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

The Monumental Mason.

We should like to persuade Mr. F. Dowell, Cemetery and Monumental Mason, of 34, Queen's Road, Walthamstow, N.E., to destroy his stock of circular letters containing a bid for business in the way of setting up a "Memorial Stone." When a widow has just buried the husband of her heart, Mr. Dowell is not justified, four days or so later, in sending her a typed letter "referring to your recent sad bereavement," telling her what a fine artist he is in tombstones, and enclosing picture proof in the shape of photos of his palatial premises and of a mausoleum erected by his monumental self. There is something vulture-like in this hovering over the homes of the dead in the hope of snatching trade, and we think it would be more decent if these tombstone carvers would tout for their trade through the ordinary channels of publicity. Surely an advertisement in the local paper would be more likely to attract custom than a ghoulish letter that only re-opens a widow's wounds.

Don't cry over trouble you can prevent. See page ii of cover.

A Plater's Helper.

Hundreds of complaints reach us from time to time from munitions workers on the subject of their wages. A Southampton "plater's helper" asks why he and others should be "half-starved because they have joined up under the Derby scheme." They work 53 hours a week for 26s. Many of them "have tram and floating bridge to pay out of this, and me, like a lot more, got a wife and eight children; mine is all under 12 years of age. And they stop 3d. out of a £ for War Fund, and 4d. insurance, and 2½ unemployment, and will not let us leave to work elsewhere." Not much meat on that bone, is there?

Marooned.

All sorts of things are apt to get overlooked in these strenuous times, but it must be a difficult task to mislay a couple of Red Cross motor-ambulances. Yet we are informed this has happened with complete success, for two motor-ambulances, built by Napier, are at present, and have been for the past six months, lying unheeded in a warehouse on the North side of the Victoria Docks. There is a brass plate attached to each, announcing that it was subscribed for by the citizens of Essenden, Australia. Perhaps those good citizens are happy in thinking their gifts are doing good work, and perhaps the Red Cross Society has forgotten all about them. Also, perhaps, they may remember them when the Port Authority sends in its bill for storage.

A Peregrinating Pen.

A thoughtful mother, who knew what would please her soldier son, sent him a JOHN BULL Fountain Pen. The lad was at Khartoum when it was dispatched, but he had gone on to the fighting in the Peninsula, and thither it followed him. By the time it arrived, he was in hospital at Alexandria, so on went the persistent pen, like a real John Bull. At Alexandria the package was marked, "Rejoined his unit," and it scampered after him, back to the Peninsula. But the boy was again in hospital at Alexandria, so it girded up its loins and set out on another journey. It arrived safely enough, but the soldier had gone to Malta. Away it went once more, across the blue waters, and this time was lucky, for it fell, grateful but tired, into the rightful hands at last. So the story ends happily, with a glad lad, a proud pen, and a compliment to the postal service.

The Golden Dustman Again.

In Peterborough, at any rate, there are signs and portents that the golden dustman will in a little while be no more auriferous. "I have enclosed some information for you to publish this week," says one of that useful profession, writing from the cathedral city—said information being a circular issued by the City Surveyor. "It has been reported to me," runs the official document before us, "that the men engaged in the removal of house refuse are in the habit of collecting empty glass bottles and other articles found in the refuse. In future a receptacle will be provided in the men's carts, into which all bottles and saleable articles must be placed, and deposited at the Corporation yard." It is the only way the men can get a few coppers for their pockets, wails our correspondent; but has he realised that perhaps the City Surveyor has discovered the only way by which the poor, overburdened ratepayers of Peterborough can get anything for the relief of the rates? Jam jars and glass bottles are now listed among the precious metals. What we lose on the swings we must make on the roundabouts; if we cannot economise on the Ministerial salaries and war rations, we must save on jam jars and glass bottles—or, as sure as fate, Peterborough and the rest of the Empire will be undone.

The Germhun Pig.

Thanks to the comparative inefficacy of our blockade, whilst Germhun pig iron is plentiful, Germhun pig is horribly scarce. Only 274 porkers were offered for sale at the Berlin central market the other day, the which causes the squeal of the *Berliner Tageblatt* that "in comparison with the thousands of pigs sold ordinarily this shows a scarcity such as has not been known for many years." There is a deadly dearth of sausage in the country, but this may be due to the fact that horses are short also, and thousands of dogs and cats have been irretrievably lost. The manufacture of Munich sausages has already been prohibited in Bavaria, because they used up so much meat, and timber is so dear that the makers cannot even afford to fill them with sawdust.

Sold Again!

Some time ago it was suggested in these columns that somebody was doing well out of the tons of "fags" supposed to reach the troops from a generous British public. According to a soldier who writes from Egypt, there is never any distribution of free cigarettes in Egyptian hospitals. "Some were sent to us all at once," says he, "and they were sent to the canteens, and now if we want any we have to buy them"—Flor de Woodbines at 5 for 2½d., and Goldflakes at 6d. for 10. "In some of the packets we have found the names and addresses of the people who sent them to us as a gift from England." There must be a large and varied assortment of honest brokers about, judging by the complaints which reach us; they are the sort of creatures who would give a blind man a bad ha'penny and steal his dog.

A Ticklish Spot.

Let us disguise the locality, for the Censor's sake. Let us say it is a manufacturing town (which it is not) on the [Blank] Coast of Great Britain. There, or near there, is a submarine base; it is guarded, rigidly and rightly, and no Briton dare approach its limits. Of that we complain not. But we do complain that certain mariners, of a certain nationality—please note how careful we are!—are permitted to come right up to the side of that base and to moor themselves there with impunity. Of course there is some sort of formality, such as registration, but it is small protection to register a man—or boatloads of men—allow him to see what there is to see, and then permit him to depart packed with knowledge. Residents at this unnamed spot aver that the Zeppelins appear to know it like a book. Can we wonder?

As a Tale that is Told.

A story about "exempts" has greatly distressed a reader. A certain employee thought himself indispensable in his department, though the proprietor of the business concluded he might be spared, and put this case, "Suppose you were, unfortunately, to die?" "Well," the man admitted, "in that event you would *have* to do without me." "Then," blandly observed the employer, "you will be so good as to consider yourself dead as from this day month!" Our reader thinks the employer was a callous, unfeeling despot, and begs us to denounce him. But our friend need not worry. The story is but a tory, and a very, very old one. We read the yarn thirty years back, when the man was made to ask for a rise in his wages, because he was indispensable. He got the same answer then, as he probably did in the days of Old Egypt, when the tale perhaps was new.

Give your soldier boy a "John Bull" Pen and he'll write with pleasure.

A Complete Change.

An offer of £200 to the first person who shall bring down a Zeppelin in England, made by "H. Webster, 23-25, Moorfields, E.C.," is paraded by the *Star* as a "*Star* Reader's Offer." And in the *Drapers' Record* this is paraded: "Changes of Name by Deed Poll.—Wasserman, Hugo, 27, Bethune Road, Stoke Newington, N., and 23 and 25, Moorfields, E.C., merchant, Hugh Webster." Mr. "Webster" is in earnest. We hope he may soon be called on to cough up his cash.

"Hun-Sportsmanlike."

Our paragraph referring to the shooting of an owl at Heage, near Matlock, was promptly followed up by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. The offence against true sport, it appeared, was committed by a colliery stoker, who had been employed as a keeper and trusted with a gun. Ignorant of the laws concerning birds and guns, he saw a bird fly—and shot it. Owls are protected by Act of Parliament in Derbyshire, but as the too-quick shooter was a working man of good character, the Society asked only for a conviction by way of warning, the result being a fine of 6s. 6d., and a reprimand. The Society, in thanking us for our information, express the hope that the case will check the slaughter by ignorant keepers of a bird valuable to farmers for destroying rats and mice.

Sacrificial Bunkum.

At last the Government have risen to the occasion. A morning paper has it that "Ministers have decided for the future to accept one quarter of their salaries in the form of Five per cent. Exchequer Bonds." There's sacrifice and economy for you! We suppose that in another few months the moral pressure on their ministerial consciences will become so great that they will consent to accept another quarter of their salaries in chunks of gold and parcels of diamonds.

Honours for an Editor.

The Editor of the *St. Austell Guardian* refers to a paragraph of ours wherein we objected to his excuses for a Ford advertisement in his journal. His reply resolves itself into a statement that the Ford car is cheap, "which," as the old song says, "nobody will deny." We add that it is also nasty. Our editorial brother is wrong when he thinks our dislike of Ford is on account of his peace mission. That sample of Ford foolery was a secondary idiocy; the main sin of the man was his attitude when he tried to spoil the American loan, and asked for the British Commissioners to be sent home with tin-cans tied to them. That is why we do not like Ford, and why we object to his advertisements as anti-patriotic on the part of papers printing them.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

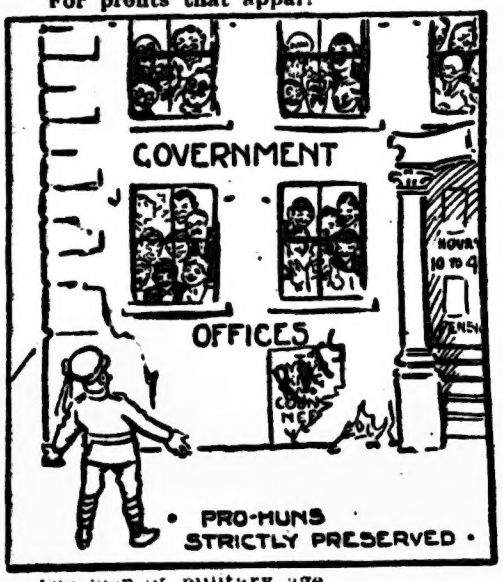
General Fevrier takes command,
And every hostile front
Feels the grip of his icy hand
Beside the battle's brunt.

Behind their sandbag barricade
The politicians squat,
Whereby they artfully evade
The critics' searching shot.

To fine Dutch traders with the Huns
Consoles us not at all;
The smuggler still the blockade runs
For profits that appal!

Stanton, the patriot M.P.,
To haste the Huns' defeat,
Has made it pretty plain that he
Would muzzle them that bleat.

Sir Percy on the shelf is placed
(What price his staying there?)
While the new Derby maid makes haste
To clear the Germy air.



The men of military age
Screened by the Government,
Will one day rouse the people's rage
That they are held exempt.

There are three money competitions in "Everywoman's."

LET'S HAVE A DICTATOR!

SUSPEND THE CONSTITUTION—LET THE KING BE KING.

By the Editor.

Don't you think we have had about enough of it? I mean of all this Political Party mongering? Of all these perky lawyers and languid philosophers—of these copybook "statesmen" and armchair experts? I most certainly do; and I am going to suggest, with all respect, that the time has arrived when we should call upon the King to *be* King, and to exercise his indisputable right to suspend Parliament and all the other flapdoodle of so-called "popular" Government—never less popular than it is to-day—and, for the duration of the war, place the affairs of the nation and the Empire in the hands of one strong man, leaving him to select his own Council to assist him in prosecuting the war to an early and triumphant finish. A very revolutionary proposal, you say? Well, believe me, unless something of the kind is done and done quickly, you will have to face a real revolution. I think I know the British public by this time, as well as anybody does, and that I can read its mind; and I am absolutely certain that—unless we sweep away the present motley and incongruous collection of duds and dullards at Westminster, and put things into the hands of practical men of business—we shall soon see the people rising in revolt. And I call earnestly upon the King to step in and prevent this catastrophe. By doing so he will be not only earning the everlasting gratitude of his subjects, but, at the same time, establishing the Throne on a firmer and more enduring basis than it has ever rested upon before.

The Cabinet.

Just reflect for a moment how we are being governed to-day. We have what is called a Cabinet—which is, in reality, an inner Committee, self-appointed, of the Privy Council. It consists of twenty-three members—mostly lawyers—who take, between them, in one way and another, about £100,000 a year—the latest addition being another lawyer, who, till the last moment, stood out against making cotton contraband; so he is now made Blockade Minister! Their job is to run the business of the British Empire—and there are not more than four men amongst them with any business experience at all! The Prime Minister is a barrister; the Chancellor of the Exchequer is also a barrister; the Minister of Munitions is a solicitor; the First Lord of the Admiralty is a philosopher and pianist; the Minister for Education is a Labour member and lay preacher. And, to crown all, the Board of Trade—which never meets—comprises the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish Parliament! Is it any wonder that we were unprepared for the war? Any wonder that on the very day when Austria was delivering her Ultimatum to Serbia, one Minister of the Crown was proposing to cut down our Army and Navy? Any wonder that when the war broke out Minister after Minister confessed that he was taken altogether by surprise? Any wonder that they have only now discovered that "all these years Germany has been preparing to murder us in our sleep," and that "ever since 1900 she has been building a huge navy against Britain"? Remember, too, that for six years the head of the Army was a Chancery barrister, who told us the other day that when he first went to the War Office he "scarcely knew the difference between a Battalion and a Brigade"! *Away with the lot of them.*

A Dictator Wanted.

Let us put the control of affairs into the hands of one strong man, till the war is over—assisted by an Executive and an Advisory Council. I know the difficulty is to find him; but don't tell me that in all the British Empire we have not one person of grit and determination and force of character—a man who would "lead and dare not lie." In any case, no single man of average intelligence could do as much mischief as a score of mediocrities. Let us find him and give him a trial, and if he doesn't suit we will find another, and so on till we get the right one. And then Parliament must pass an open vote of credit—for any amount which may be required—and forthwith adjourn *sine die*, as the lawyers say. In the meantime, the two Councils I have mentioned would be appointed to assist the Director-General of Public Affairs. And this is how I would have them constituted:—

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:

Lord Kitchener, *Military Member*,
Lord Fisher, *Naval Member*,
Sir Percy Scott, *Air Defence*,
Sir Henry Dalziel, *Contraband and Blockade*,
Mr. Lloyd George, *Munitions*,
Sir F. E. Smith, *Legal Member*,
Mr. Bonar Law, *Civil Member*.

AND

The Prime Minister, *representing the King*,
The Lord Chancellor, *the House of Lords*,
The Speaker, *the House of Commons*.

With such a Committee as that, the war would soon be over. The day of Talk would have gone, and the era of Action would have arrived. All meetings of the Council would be held in private—war preparations are not a matter for public discussion—and the final decision, in all things, would rest with the Director-General.

Then there should be the following

ADVISORY COMMITTEE:

The President of the Institute of Bankers,
The Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce,
The Chairman of Lloyd's,
The Chairman of the Stock Exchange,
The Chairman of the Baltic,
The Chairman of the Railway Board,
The Chairman of the Trades Union Federation,
THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS.

I attach special importance to the presence of the last-mentioned official. Peace cranks, pro-

Germans, spies and other traitors will readily appreciate the point. The duty of the Advisory Committee would be to confer and advise—and nothing more. It would know nothing more than it was told of the doings of the Executive Council—just as the Executive Council, in turn, would know nothing of the decisions of the Director-General, till they were put into action.

Away with the Lawyers!

It is, however, in connection with the war that these gentry have outshone themselves. They have usurped the prerogatives of great admirals, and taken over the duties of commanders of armies. They have pushed aside, with superlative insolence, the offers of the nation's most brilliant mechanical experts, and have nearly ruined the usefulness of our mercantile marine. There is scarce a trade, calling, or industry, great or small, that they have not injured. They have muddled finance; neglected agriculture; put industry in hobbles, and blindfolded the people in regard to the real state of affairs. They have not told, and they dare not tell, the real losses of our Army in Mesopotamia, and they have shrouded in mystery the doings of our troops on every front. Perhaps they do not know the facts; they were taken by surprise when the war broke out—and they have been wrong in almost everything they have said about it since. And now they have had their day. They are found out—and the nation has no further use for them.

Where is £5,000,000 a Day Going?

Men of every class in the community are asking where £5,000,000 per day is going. It is not going on the Army, or the Navy, or on the country's proper needs. There is an orgy of waste, and more than waste, in our midst. We want a clean slate. *We want a balance sheet published.* We have a right to know where all the money is going, and who is getting it, and what for. We want another Cromwell in Parliament—a man of iron, a man of dauntless courage, who will demand that all papers pertaining to public moneys expended since this war began shall be placed on the table of the House of Commons. A strong, ruthless, pitiless man who will not only demand these things, but see that he gets them, or else appeal to the people; for it is the people's money that is being drained away at the rate of five millions a day. Who can object to such a course of action? No innocent man can or will, for no innocent man has anything to fear. If the balance sheet shows that the money has only been squandered by fools, let us put wise men in place of them; if it is shown that worse than folly has been at work, let us punish the guilty and have a clean slate. God knows we need it. Again I say, the competent and the innocent can raise no objection. We don't want to palter with petty matters; we don't ask to be told how much the mustard and pepper of the Army cost. We want to know all about these munitions and those Army and Navy stores—those horses and camels—those freight ships. What the British people are beginning to clamour for is—Reformation; refuse them that, and the uglier word I have already mentioned may quickly take its place, for Britons are sick unto death of the present state of affairs. No use to cry "Hush, hush! All will be well when the war is over." We know better; all will *not* be well when war ceases, for then the paying of the piper will commence in earnest—and, moreover, as things are now being bungled and mismanaged, the war may carry on for years, for our blockade of Germany is a farce. We are sitting tight behind wire fences in the middle East instead of striking at the foe. We are tied up near Calais, and the horrible blunder of sending an improperly equipped and utterly inadequate force to Mesopotamia is undermining our prestige in India and shaking our hold of Egypt.

Where is Cromwell?

Where, then, is Cromwell? Doesn't he hear the call? Is there no one to-day like that hard-faced old statesman who once represented Huntingdon in our Parliament? There is not a moment to be lost—for, rich as we are as a nation, we cannot afford to go on wasting money and permitting it to percolate as we are now doing. We can find millions for war, but not one shilling for, let me say, perquisites. It does not look nearly so nasty in print as the word that is being muttered wherever men meet to talk over the war. A Cromwell would close every inlet to Germany that is reached from the sea and starve the Germans as the Germans starved the French. A Cromwell would "scrap" every incompetent general and put a live man in his place. A Cromwell would send 50,000 men to succour Townshend and restore confidence in India. A Cromwell would call up 5,000,000 coloured men from the Empire, and not drain Britain of her wealth-producing mechanics. A Cromwell would send our aerial fleet to blow a German city to Hades the next time the foe wrecked one of our towns. A Cromwell would put an admiral, instead of a philosopher, in charge of our Navy. A Cromwell would send the War Cabinet of 23 to the right-about, and would sweep the lawyers to the Devil. God send us a Cromwell! Every day means greater danger, so long as we leave the gentlemen of Whitehall in command. They are playing with the lives of men and the souls of women. Truth to tell, we have fallen on days of terrible mediocrity, and the present crisis has emphasised that fact. Every post brings me hundreds, and sometimes literally thousands, of letters urging me to take definite action by leading a mighty demonstration, from all parts of the country, against the Government. I confess I scarcely know what to do. It is a big responsibility. *But something must be done*—and done now. As I write, I hear of the fall of one of the outer forts of Verdun. It may not mean much—in my heart, I do not believe that it does; *but I don't like it.* And it should never have been possible. Don't tell me that it is on a purely French front—*we* ought to have been there too; we ought to be *everywhere.* Wherever there is a regiment of any of our Allies, there should be British soldiers also. *We are playing at war.* And war is a dangerous game to *play* at. It is a grim, ghastly, bloody *business*—quite out of the line of arm-chair politicians and scheming lawyers. It is a man's job—a stern, cruel, remorseless man of action—not of words. Where is Cromwell?

AUSTRIA HAS HAD ENOUGH.

WILL SHE THROW OFF THE GERMAN YOKE?

By A. G. Hales.

Germany has set us many valuable examples in the zone of war since first the guns began to growl in savage earnest; the German nation is a monster ruled by an unchained devil, but even monsters and demons can at intervals display wisdom. The Kaiser and his counsellors were wise, criminally wise, long before the great struggle loomed large on the world's horizon, for he and they prepared for war with a thoroughness that no people ever equalled in the annals of time. We did not take a leaf from the Teuton book, though as far as that aspect of affairs is concerned the onus of the criminal and almost senile negligence rests entirely upon the heads of the present Government. The blame for our utter unreadiness does not lie upon the souls of the British *people*, or upon the souls of our soldiers and sailors. Apart from any claim to be a war expert, my common sense taught me to know that Germany was not arming her hosts for nothing, just as my common sense teaches me that some at least of Germany's allies are sick to death of the bloody holocaust into which they were bullied, bribed and cajoled.

A German Lesson.

Long ago the Kaiser commenced flying kites at our Allies, for he has known for many a month that victory will never rest with his legions. *We* have not been approached openly, though it well may be that one at least in this realm may know more than is good for any Britisher to know of German hopes in our direction. All this was sound policy on the part of Germany, because thus Germany desired to wean the Allies from war one by one, in order to crush each separately. No one amongst all the leaders of thought in the allied nations trusted the Kaiser or his counsellors, and so the plan came to naught; the Germans have advertised themselves too well and too thoroughly as men devoid of honour—to whom a treaty was waste paper, and words only wind.

Hold Out the Olive Branch to Austria.

Our hands and the hands of our Allies are clean; we can afford to be magnanimous to Austria, for all the world is aware that Austria was bound hand and foot to Germany by fear. The Austrian people did not want war; they were prosperous and content, but William held the steel to the Austrian throat, and such was the state of Europe that had Austria refused to follow the dictates of the counsellors at Potsdam, the whole country, from Vienna to the smallest village, would have been trodden into the mire by the Huns—and Europe would have looked on and done nothing. I can find in my heart a grain of pity for Austria, though for Germany I have none, and shall have none when she lies writhing in the dirt with all her glory, her wealth, and her prestige riven from her; for Germany is foul, root and branch. The Hapsburgs, who rule in Austria, knew that their throne was at the mercy of the Hohenzollerns, and to save a crown a country was led to the sacrifice. I do not believe that one fifth of the Austrian people would have voted for a war on the side of Germany if they had had a chance to express an opinion, but they had no such chance; they were driven into it like sheep, and they have had enough of the grim game by now to know what the aftermath will be if they continue to march in step with the Berlin butchers. Even as it is, they must be made to pay a good price for peace, which I firmly believe they would be only too willing to do if terms were offered them. Terms we and our Allies can offer them, but no terms but unconditional surrender for the Germans. But this must be plainly understood of our Government—which is so apt at blundering, even when walking on beaten paths in well-known ways—there must be no offer made to Austria by any individual nation amongst the Allies—the offer must come from the mouths of *all the Allies*, and each must be represented by an envoy when the offer is made. The Austrian people, apart from the House of Hapsburg, will be only too glad to throw off the Germanic yoke, for they will see that at last they will be free from the axe that has always hung menacingly over their heads—ever since the fateful battle of Sadowa was fought and lost. Hungary is ready now—more than ready—to fall into the Allies' arms; and the Hungarians would long since have shaken themselves free from the rule of the Emperor Francis Joseph but for the fact that they knew that the moment they did so they would feel the weight of the German steel, point and edge. Had this Government of ours only shown an ordinary amount of acumen and energy in dealing with affairs in the Middle East when war came, Hungary would have cut loose and come over to our side; but as we piled blunder on blunder in that region, the Hungarians would have been little better than madmen to have done so—for such a course would have meant for them a shambles. As our position now in the Middle East is strong, an offer to Hungary of a peace that would not be too humiliating would bring that fiery nation away from Germany's banner with all speed; and the moment Hungary leaves Austria, the fabric of her fate will be in the loom.

The German Atrocities.

There is evidence that the Austrians and Hungarians are heartily ashamed of the barbarities of the Huns. I do not believe that any Austrian submarine ever sank American or Italian merchant or passenger ships; I am convinced in my own soul that the deeds attributed to Austrian underwater vessels were perpetrated by Hun submarines carrying and flying the Austrian flag, vessels manned by Hun crews and officered by Hun naval officers. The motive was, of course, to drag Austria deeply into the mire. We and our Allies have only to make the attempt; it will cost little or nothing; if it fails we lose nothing; if it succeeds, as I believe, we gain enormously—for at the first whisper of surrender by Austria, Bulgaria would throw down the rifle and cringe for terms on bended knees, and the German army now in the Middle East would go homewards on the run—if it could—and that would leave Turkey isolated from her only Ally in Europe.

If Austria repents *now*, though it be an eleventh-hour repentance, she will be given another chance. If, however, in a fit of madness, Austria elects to go on to the bitter end with her criminal associates, she must drink of the waters of Marah, and her lips will be cloyed with the ashes of desolation. Hungary will fall away from her, Poland-in-Austria will be a thing apart, and all the Bohemian peoples will sever, or be severed, from her, until she becomes like one of the lesser paltry Balkan States. It will be a great fall—one of the greatest in history, but she will deserve it if she clings to the foulest and most faithless of all the nations of the earth, after having a chance to purge herself of her iniquities.

A MESSAGE FROM THE TRENCHES.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MEN AT THE FRONT.

[*We are asked by some of our Tommies in the trenches to publish the following article—which we gladly do, exactly as written by one of them, on behalf of all.*]

The war brings many impressions. Some have the effect on the mind of soothing it and infusing it with contentment, while others produce an effect exactly the reverse. One asks the question, "How is the war getting on?" That same question is repeated thousands of times daily by all the civilised world who are sensible of the fact that a war really exists. To us who are in the field of battle come impressions of this varying nature which I speak of. We may know, or think that we know, exactly the condition of things at the particular part of the front on which we are engaged. We may know what happens as regards military operations on the hundred—perhaps a thousand—yards of front, by personally taking part in these operations. Here we have war in the primitive sense—the war of man against man, unit against unit, the war of man striving to kill man, the ultimate proof of the better man lying in the fact that he has slain his enemy. But this is only a grain of sand in the desert when one thinks of what is happening in this great rising of nation against nation. We say to ourselves that "Here all is well," or "All is not well with us," as the case may be. Then it is we have the question, "How is *the* war getting on?" That great clash of arms, that great web of political and diplomatic intrigue, that great pitting of the strength of country against country. The answer comes, "*We do not know*," and we may be laughed at for saying so. Nevertheless that answer is brimful of hard fact. How should we know? The only legitimate supply of information comes through a censored press. We take up a paper, and after glancing at it we turn away sick—sick with the cant and rubbish which we see splashed, willy-nilly, over its pages. We read articles written by men who have never seen a trench, never seen a shot fired—men who have not the least idea of what modern warfare really is, and to whom the war comes as a means of hauling in the golden shekels by trading on the minds of a highly-strung and imaginative public. We read of victories here and defeats there. We cannot take up two different newspapers without we find that one is contradicting the other, each one vouching for the truth of its statement. Give us our victories, give us our defeats, but for God's sake give us the truth!

"The *Morale* of the Army."

I wonder sometimes if these quibbling politicians at Westminster and the so-called "brain" of the British Army, ever consider that small but momentous phrase, "*the Morale of the British Army*"? What does the word "morale" mean? It means the temperament, the effect on the mind caused by events happening, disastrous or otherwise—thereby rendering it in a state of depression or elation. We take up a newspaper and read in it that "the morale of the Army is good," that that great asset to victory is with the Army in the field. In the same newspaper we read the speeches of these self-styled "patriots" who are doing everything in their power to hinder the Allied cause with their vile, cursed utterances, literally reeking with pro-Germanism. And the most amazing thing of all is that the Government allows these orators of the lemonade box to stand up and let this superfluous filth ooze out of their vile carcases. Does this same Government, who are supposed, in the interests of patriotism, to be doing their best, ever pause to think what the effect of this is upon the *morale* of the Army? It may be so little as to be of no consequence, thanks to the high-mindedness and determination of the British soldier to see the business through; but is it not playing with fire?

Conscription and Blockade.

Again, we have the Conscription fiasco. After seventeen months of war and pleading, it is found that the requisite number of men has not voluntarily rolled up to the Colours, and a scheme is organised by Lord Derby with the hope of getting this number, before it necessitates a Bill of Conscription. This scheme was successful to the point of raising another huge number of men, but it is now found that 650,000 single men still remain unattested in the country. After all these attempts to get men to enlist for Voluntary Service proving themselves of no avail, we have men at the head of big organisations jibbing at the idea of introducing a Bill which will lay every man in the country under military rule. A Bill is introduced with as many loopholes in it as have the forts in the Solent. A weak compromise provides a loophole for the "conscientious objector." I ask this, Can a man be a conscientious objector when he hears of the thousands of his comrades falling day after day in their efforts to save England from a reign of tyranny and Prussian despotism? Is he a man at all? Again, what about the "Great Blockade"? We read of "Germany starving by inches." Is it a fact, or is it another gigantic piece of German bluff to delude us? Is there any fire behind the smoke—are there any grains of truth among the chaff? How far it is true we do not know, but we do know this—that after seventeen months of war and supposed blockade, she continues to wage war with the same energy and fierceness which she did when she trampled over Belgium. Our leaders, while deploring the sacrifice of blood and the expenditure of £1,600,000,000 a year over the war, still allow food to be sent in vast quantities when a stringent blockade would bring Germany to her knees crying for mercy. Our Navy is helpless to interfere, though it is in its power to bring about this long looked for Peace. Those great battleships are hawsered from stem to stern by Government Red Tape.

A Quick *Death* Needed.

It may be very satisfactory to know that Germany is dying a slow death of starvation, but it must be quick. It must be thrust upon her that she shall die quickly, unless she concedes to our terms. We know perfectly well that to wage war within the limits prescribed by humanity is a very high-minded and a noble conception. But the question is, Do our enemies prosecute the war with this same idea? Did they consider humanity when they violated the neutrality of Belgium, leaving her behind, a stricken thing weltering in her life blood? Did they consider humanity when they bombarded the defenceless towns of Hartlepool and Scarborough, destroying the homes and killing the innocent civilians? Was humanity considered in their Zeppelin raids over London? We are waiting now most anxiously the discussion in Parliament concerning the blockade of Germany. Our message is, Get going with a granite heart. Get on with the war! Throw off the remainder of the Peace garments and go into it right now with the nakedness born of an insatiable vengeance.

FOR THE NURSES IN FRANCE.

ARMY ORDER THAT MUST BE CANCELLED.

It is well-nigh inconceivable that we should be compelled to take up the cudgels on behalf of the nurses, for never had we imagined that anybody would have dared to attack them. But the nurses in France have just received so shameful a blow that we are bound to come forward for them. The scurvy treatment dealt out to these ladies comes from no less a source than the Army Council, yet we say decidedly that not one single member of the Army, outside the Council, will uphold their action or regard it otherwise than as deplorable in the extreme. We need not relate the debt our soldiers, together with the whole nation, owe to the nurses in France. Any officer or man who has come under their ministering hands will speak of that more eloquently than is possible to us. We would prefer to point out in bare words that some of these ladies have been in the field since the commencement of the war, and a great many have toiled for over a year. Their normal duty hours are from 7.30 a.m. till 8 p.m., but their task is never done. And they are content that it should be so—for they work with all their hearts, and no labour of mercy and of love finds them dismayed.

Their pay is only £40 to £45 a year, about the worst pay in the entire establishment. Up to now they were entitled to certain allowances, including lodging, fuel, light; and these allowances—absolute necessaries, we should prefer to call them—came to something like £10 a month, every penny of which was an expense incidental to their devoted service, and inseparable from it. It is regarding these allowances that a cruel blow has been dealt them. A General Order just issued, namely, G.R.O. 1381, states:—"1381. Allowances. The Army Council have decided that none of the allowances mentioned in Army Order No. 501 of 1914 . . . shall be drawn by members of the Q.A.I.M.N.S. and other nurses, after January 31st, 1916."

The meanness of the thing is startling. If economy be the order of the day, why select nurses as the first victims of retrenchment, and stop *all* their allowances at one swoop? Officers in the field receive similar allowances; these remain untouched, nor should they be touched, for the officer who is actually fighting is one of the last whose pittance should be docked. But the nurse deserves even prior consideration, and every officer would be proud to yield it. There is not a single Staff officer in France who would not give up a part, or all, of his allowances—if retrenchment be vital—sooner than see the underpaid and hard-worked nurses deprived of *any*—far less of *all*.

The contemptible character of the stoppage is apparent when we remember how comparatively small will be the entire saving. There are not a great number of these ladies; it is not as though doing a miserable injustice will yield a golden store; the Army Council cannot plead even as wretched an excuse as that. The plain truth is that the Order is inexcusable. It is revolting to every officer and man in France, and we think the heart of every man and woman here at home will burn with indignation. It is an Order that must be cancelled, and we call upon Parliament and the Press to help us to see that it is done without a day's delay.

ANOTHER £10 PAID.

The copy of John Bull dated February 5th, bearing on its cover the number 046,020, in respect of which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded to us by Mr. Robert Greig, 73, Bowman Street, Crosshill, Glasgow, to whom a cheque has therefore been sent.

We have also received from Mr. Chas. Smith, of 28, Acresfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester, the copy of our issue dated February 19th, and numbered A352768, for which a similar reward was offered, and have accordingly dispatched a cheque to him in payment.

TRIBUNALS AND THE M.S. ACT.

PUTTING ON THE SCREW.

By A Father.

Aren't we having just a little too much of Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Tennant, and the other screw merchants in the Military Service Act? The Tribunals are nothing if they are not judicial; the Government and their representatives are no more entitled to dictate their decisions or interfere with the course of justice in their courts than we are in interfering with the proceedings in any other court. The Tribunals are being bullied into giving, not the free decisions of just judges, but the dictated decisions of despotic authority. Nothing in the Act gives these official, enterprising gentlemen any such power. "His Majesty may, by Order in Council, make regulations with respect to the constitutional functions and procedure of the Local Tribunals, the Appeal Tribunals, and the Central Tribunals," but this does not mean that the representatives and the mouthpieces of the War Office have a right to put undue pressure and exert undue influence on the Tribunals to come to decisions which it may be they would not come to except for that pressure and that influence. First, we have the irrepressible Mr. Tennant telling the Local Tribunals that they are making far too many exemptions—which is equivalent to telling them that they must do injustice and wrong by making fewer exemptions, even if, to do justice and right, the exemptions ought to be made. And there is neither justice nor military utility in including the halt, lame and blind, merely to swell by paper figures the compulsion scoop. Man quality is not less essential than man quantity, if not more essential, in the light of the fact that we have already raised tremendous armies and must have reached the point where a very large proportion of those within the intent of the legislative scoop have reasonable grounds for the submissions they make to the Tribunals. Though the Local Government Board by Mr. Walter Long disclaims any intention of interpreting the Act, we read in a memorandum in respect of widows' only sons, that "Unless satisfactory evidence is produced . . . the Tribunals will be *instructed* that the claim should not be approved." There is nothing in the Act which gives the Government department of Mr. Walter Long power to instruct the Tribunals in anything. They are judicial bodies, acting under the law of the land. Within the environment of their authority and powers they are above Mr. Walter Long or anybody else; except in respect of regulations regarding their constitution, functions and procedure, they are independent even of the King in Council. It is an impertinence and an audacity for any Government department or representative to attempt to bully them into this decision or that.

THE REWARD OF PRUDENCE.

OUR FREE INSURANCE COMPENSATES MORE SUFFERERS.

With the necessity for making provision against the danger of Zeppelin attack so vividly brought home lately, thousands of readers have been taking advantage of our great Free Insurance—which, in addition to compensating them for losses occasioned by bombardment from the air, also covers almost every conceivable war risk to civilians. During the last few days our representatives have been busy inspecting the havoc wrought at various places visited recently by these aerial monsters, and paying claims—with the result that up to the time of going to press the total number of sufferers whose material damage has been reimbursed, or whose physical injuries have been compensated—as far as money can compensate in such cases—has been raised to 298, including two payments of £200 each to relatives of readers unfortunately killed in this way. In times such as the present there should be no delay in taking the wise precaution of insuring against these perils, particularly as it can be done absolutely free of charge.

The Pen which suits everyone is the "John Bull" Pen.

STATING THE CHARGE.

Now, Honest Robert, fine and large,
Stepped boldly up to state the charge.
Excitement was intense.
With modest cough he cleared his throat,
Announcing, with triumphant note,
"The Charge is just—Three Pence."

Just examine a packet of Chairman Juniors. You will find that they are beautifully made, well packed, and wholly free from dust. Smoke one, and the flavour, coolness, and clean Virginian aroma will convince you of the quality and fineness of blend of the tobacco. They are good in every respect—being the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

10 for 3d.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes—there are no pictures or coupons with them.

They are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

THE TRIAL OF CHAIRMAN JUNIORS, No. 2.

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Over 4,600 pictures in the first four volumes—including a profusion of beautiful colour plates—exclusive photographs from the fighting lines—maps and diagrams—a concise and thrilling history of the progress of hostilities—and glowing stories of the great episodes of the War.

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THE GUARANTEE
If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.
Sir A. Conan Doyle
H. G. Wells
Sir Gilbert Parker

Every "John Bull" reader who sends the Coupon below will receive free full particulars of this great panoramic record of the War.

The first four Volumes contain over 4,600 pictures, including a wealth of colour plates.

THE first four volumes of the "War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe" are now ready for delivery. The work will rank as the most thrillingly interesting of all the War Publications. Great Living Thinkers, Writers and Artists have combined to produce a wonderful Art-Gallery-and-Literature-Library of the greatest armed struggle in the world's long history.

LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. Mr. H. G. Wells, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; Sir Gilbert Parker, the spokesman of Greater Britain, tells of "The Rally of the Empire"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains "How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War"; Mr. A. G. Hales, the brilliant Australian war correspondent, contributes many vivid pen pictures from the battlefields; and other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant Allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms. Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

PICTORIALLY the work is supreme—without peer. Over eleven hundred beautiful pictures in each volume alone—including a great wealth of colour plates, exclusive photographs from the fighting lines, and excellent maps. The arrangement of the sections visualises the progress of arms and the conditions of the fighting in the several zones of conflict, and the whole constitutes a veritable grand panorama of the great war.

FINE paper—beautiful printing—and most artistic binding make the work externally as artistic as it is impressive and excellent internally.

FULL particulars will be sent free and post free to every reader of John Bull filling up the coupon below, and every inquirer will receive free a beautiful full-colour art portrait-plate of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON

Fill in and post at once for FREE BOOKLET and a colour portrait of ADMIRAL JELLICOE.

To The Educational Book Co., Ltd.,
17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me FREE and post free your booklet describing "The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe," and showing the easy Subscription Terms for the Volumes. Also please send free one of the colour portrait-plates of Admiral Jellicoe.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

J.B. 9 .....

TEUTONIC TRADERS.

SOME MEMS. FOR MR. RUNCIMAN.

At the outset of the European struggle, there was a vigorous demand for "war upon German trade," but the Government gave no definite lead, and although direct trading with the enemy was forbidden under severe penalties, no steps were taken to thwart the operations of companies which, though registered in this country, were German in all but name. Quite recently, however, the Board of Trade has acquired power to supervise these concerns, and in certain cases to put a stop to their activities; but there is a great deal of leeway to be made up, and plenty of scope, therefore, for the driving force of awakened public opinion. From time to time, we have been able to furnish our readers with first-hand information in regard to certain "British" firms which ought to be enjoying the attention of the Board of Trade.

SIEMENS AND VON SIEMENS.

Their name is legion, and in making a selection from the number, we are inspired by no motive other than a desire to illustrate the magnitude of an evil in regard to which the nation is at length definitely aroused. Take, for example, the case of Siemens Brothers and Co., Ltd., the well-known electrical engineers, registered at Somerset House as a British Company, with a capital of £600,000. Mr. Alexander Siemens is, we believe, a naturalised British subject, but his financial interest in the Company is small in comparison with that of the "von Siemens" of Berlin. As recently as September last, these Teutonic gentlemen held between them shares representing 60 per cent. of the total capital of the concern. Among the shareholders resident in this country were Messrs. G. von Chauvin, Wilhelm Diesselhorst, Carl Hager, Edward Lauckert and H. Loeffler—Britishers to a man, perhaps, but something less than happy in their names. It is true that Mr. Alexander Siemens has publicly stated that in the present war his sympathies are with the Allies, but for our present purpose this is neither here nor there. Our point is that the firm with which he is connected is in every essential respect a German undertaking, and for purposes of war administration should be regarded as such.

MORE ECONOMY IN PAPER.

Take, again, the case of P. D. Rasspe and Sons, Limited, a Company first registered in 1911 and formed for the purpose of taking over the business of James Pollock, Sons and Co., Ltd., Agricultural Implement Makers, of Windmill Lane, Stratford, E., a useful sort of enterprise, which might just as well have remained in British hands. Instead, we find that, according to a return filed as recently as last December, all the shareholders of P. D. Rasspe and Sons, Ltd., except one, were resident at Solingen, Germany, the solitary exception being Mr. George W. King, of 94, Aldborough Road, Ilford, with five £1 shares to his British name. Let it not be inferred, however, that Mr. George King is an inconsiderable figure in the world of commerce. His association with Messrs. P. D. Rasspe and Sons forms but a small part of his title to fame. On September 1st, 1914—less than a month after the outbreak of war—was registered the firm of George W. King, Limited, also of Windmill Lane, Stratford, E., and likewise engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements for British farmers. Whatever may be said or thought of the Rasspes of Solingen, no possible suspicion can attach to George W. King, Ltd. The title is the very quintessence of British patriotism. On the lists of Directors and Shareholders there is not a name of alien tinge. On the bluff and hearty sample envelopes of the firm the legend, "George W. King, Limited, Windmill Lane, Stratford, London, E.," boldly printed on a neat green label, looks frank, bold and British. But if the label should happen to come unstuck, it will be found to have concealed the style and title of "P. D. Rasspe and Sons, Ltd.," from which a Board of Trade Inspector might possibly infer that Messrs. George W. King, Ltd., having run out of envelopes, had taken momentary advantage of the coincidence by which two firms of agricultural implement makers were established at the same address.

BLUFF FOR BUILDERS.

THE "STRONG ARM" AT CROYDON.

"The Small Builders and Decorators Strong Arm" is the sign and device of the "London (and 20 miles radius) Federation for Protection of Builders and Decorators Employers," the notepaper of the Federation being embellished with a neat pictorial representation of this brawny member, together with an address at 103, George Street, Croydon. That the Secretary of the Federation is endeavouring to live up to the "strong arm" idea, may be gathered from the following epistolary bomb lately dropped into the letter-box of a Brixton builder:—

> DEAR SIR,—Trading as a Builder and Decorator, you are requested to attend at the above office on Thursday, 20th inst., at 10 a.m. precisely, without fail.—Yours faithfully,
> THE BUILDERS' AND DECORATORS' PROTECTION FEDERATION.

Having satisfied himself that this peremptory document was neither a Royal Warrant nor a Police-Court summons, the recipient reflected that in all his experience of the building and decorating trade, he had never heard of the Federation, and although "all for combination," as he tells us—he was inclined to resent this bullying approach. Anxious, however, to miss nothing of value, he replied that the claims of business would not permit of his calling at Croydon, unless his expenses were paid, a business-like hint which nerved the "strong arm" to this further display of muscular penmanship:—

> The Small Builder and Decorating and Repairs business is about to take a great change, and if you still refuse to call here to know how and why, which this Federation has offered you, you will not be allowed later the privilege. It is in the interests of trades mentioned and your expenses (if any) will not be borne by this Federation.

Then followed this eloquent, if ungrammatical, line:—

> No builder is seen only by appointment.

There the matter might have ended, but a little later the obdurate builder received a call from a Mr. Budd, a gentleman of some persuasive charm, whose "expenses, if any," were apparently disbursed by the "strong arm." The upshot of the matter was that, for the trifling consideration of £6 5s., the Federation were willing to get out a couple of ledgers and supply their client with a "working plan" of account-keeping, with several other sorts of priceless aid. At this figure, however, there must be no nonsense. "Every Master Builder will assist in systematic execution and gain confident despatch in accepting with much delay!" We regret to state that our Brixton friend, ignobly preoccupied with bricks and mortar, did not instantly close with this dazzling offer, thus having only himself to thank for the final outburst of wrath:—

> Every endeavour on our part having now been given you to accept above work, and your interest as to price and your business considered in every way, we can do no more. Enclosed please find revised estimate, which can now be accepted up to the 10th inst. The expiration of such time, however, closes our instructions.

Interesting, very!

TEACHING TRADES TO TEUTONS.

A RANK INJU TICE TO KENT.

Unending is our affection for the foe. Consider this kindness, as confessed by the Kent County Council: The Education staff has been greatly depleted, and one of the Kent Councillors was distressed when he said, "Our own children and young men are losing the opportunity of learning woodwork." What worried him was the fact that a member of the staff was "engaged teaching woodwork to interned Germans." The Chairman offered some sort of a lame explanation:—"One of our teachers is now employed under the War Office, and at present is engaged in an internment camp instructing Germans. It is not our business; they employ them in the way they think best." Oh, Men of Kent, arise in your wrath, and learn whose "business" it is that neglects your children's lessons and teaches the Hun to take the bread from their mouths!

Our Football Coupon is under "Bullets," page iii of cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[*This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.*]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—I am glad you are sticking to your guns in the matter of peace terms, but I cannot quite regard your famous Guildhall declaration as the clearest possible expression of the nation's unalterable resolve. Many of us would welcome a franker and more explicit statement of British aims in the war—not because we are prepared to yield an inch to German aggression, but rather because we are determined to accept no settlement that does not impose stern punishment upon a shameless foe. I warn you that we shall not be satisfied with a peace that rests upon "scraps of paper." Take care that you do not mistake the stern temper of the British people. John Bull.

To M. Sazonoff, Russian Foreign Minister.

Sir,—In voicing the fixed resolve of the Russian nation to pursue the war to a victorious conclusion, in concert with the Western Powers, you have rendered a signal service to the cause of the Allies. Meanwhile, the successes of the Russian armies in Armenia are welcome evidence of the military resources of your Empire, and a tangible earnest of the ultimate triumph of your arms. God speed your mighty labours in the common cause! John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Derby, K.G.

Dear Lord Derby,—Shall I say congratulations on your latest appointment? Well, hardly. The Government know that yours is a name to conjure with; that is why they have made you Chairman of the Air Services Committee. When London was raided Sir Percy Scott was the sop to the mutilated and the bereaved; when the Zeppelins danced with impunity in the air of the Midlands Lord French was trotted out. And as they still come, you have now been called in. Well, you are honest, blunt and human like, and will stand no nonsense. Make a clean sweep of the incompetents and the intriguers down Whitehall way, and we may get a real Air Service before it is too late.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

Dear Mr. President,—I am wondering if your attention has been called to the enormous profits made by certain shipping companies in the last twelve months. In one instance a dividend and bonus of 30 per cent. is announced, as against 10 per cent. last year, while in the case of another Company, with which your own family is not wholly unconnected, a dividend of 12½ per cent. has been exactly doubled within the same period. With these figures before me, I am inclined to agree with a distinguished relative of yours that "the present cost of shipping freights is not only scandalous, but a crime." What is going to be done about it, eh?

John Bull.

To H. W. Forster, Esq., M.P., Financial Secretary, War Office.

Dear Mr. Forster,—I am not at all satisfied with your recent pronouncement in regard to pensions for soldiers disabled otherwise than by wounds. It is all very well to say that a disablement allowance will be paid to "every man discharged by reason of disease directly attributable to war service," but in the case of such a malady as consumption, for instance, who is to speak with certainty of the origin of the trouble? The broad fact is that in many instances latent disease has been rendered virulent by exposure whilst in the trenches, and in some of these cases men deserving well of their country, discharged without a pension, have already been overtaken by destitution. The nation will not tolerate this scandal. John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Bryn Roberts, County Court, Aberdare.

Please Your Honour,—When a defendant, answering to a Judgment Summons in your Court the other day, appeared in his colliery garb, you commenced to abuse and insult him. He said he came in that attire because he was working; you retorted, among other indefensible things, that he was pretending to be poorer than he was. It is not for me to decide whether he told a fearful whopper or you made an accurate guess; but I know there is a classic story in the annals of the law of a judge who abused a suitor much as you have done. "My Lord," he retorted, "your Lordship is in your working clothes, and so am I." If you want respect as a Judge, sir, you must command respect for your manners as a man. John Bull.

To Colonel Vaughan Phillips, R.A., c/o Mr. J. A. Kensit, Paternoster Row, London.

Colonel,—You and Kensit appear to have been in fine form at the Plymouth Guildhall in that lantern lecture on "Plots for Britain's Downfall." *He* said, "The Pope was using the Kaiser and the Kaiser was using the Pope for their own nefarious schemes"; *you* said "The Church o Rome was a far greater enemy in this country than Germany would ever be; the sinking of the *Lusitania* was nothing to what Rome would do; Rome would burn us at the stake." I recall the fires of Smithfield and the religious entertainments of Mary, but they are such a long time ago, that, for my part, I never mention them now; seems to me in about as bad taste at this time o' day as mentioning rope in the house of a hangman. Do be more discreet and careful, or you will assuredly give offence to many loyal and merciful citizens. John Bull.

To Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., Minister of Blockade.

Dear Lord "Bob,"—From a personal standpoint you are to be congratulated upon your elevation to Cabinet rank, but I am sure you will agree that at the present crisis such considerations are of trifling account upon public grounds. I am not quite certain that you are the best man for the job. For one thing, you are a lawyer, and there is reason to fear that naval operations have already been too much hampered by legal pedantry. Again, your association with the Foreign Office may tempt you to attach undue weight to the niceties of the diplomatic code. However, we must hope for the best. Please do not forget that we are at war. And it *was* as well to make cotton contraband, wasn't it?

John Bull.

To Herr Philip von Snowden.

False Friend,—You have a mischievous facility of speech, and, from some trivial points of view, you may have earned the pretty compliments paid you by a section of the Party Press; but, in these stern and strenuous days, I have no time for such trifling. I prefer to tell you to your face that from the outset of the war your conduct has been that of a traitor and a poltroon. You have scorned and derided the just aspirations of the British people, casting the whole weight of your influence into the scale of German infamy. You have decried the patriotism of your own countrymen, exalting into virtues the villainies of a brutal foe. For these crimes you have not even the excuse of a Hunnish pedigree. By every standard of loyalty and honour you stand disgraced and condemned. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. J. A. Pease, M.P., Postmaster-General.

Dear P.M.G.,—It would not be fair to hold you personally responsible for every defect in the Army postal arrangements, but I am sure you will permit me a friendly word. It seems that at some military centres the soldiers' letters are so carelessly handled that a great many packets never reach their destination at all. It is clear that much of the mischief has arisen from the plan of leaving mails at the sorting offices to be called for, instead of having them officially delivered to the quarters of each regiment. Can you devise no better way?

John Bull.

A regular pocket treasure is the "John Bull" Pen.

A WATCHING BRIEF.

[Lord Robert Cecil (a lawyer) has been appointed Minister in Charge of the Naval Blockade.]

IMPUDENT ISKENDER.

PITLOCHRY'S PEACE PROMOTER AND HIS "PATRONS."

Since our recent reference to Yervant H. Iskender, the founder of a "peace" society which he has termed "Citizens of the World," that enterprising gentleman—of Turkish birth but British naturalisation—has made a somewhat undignified appearance in a Scottish Court. The Pitlochry apostle was there sued at the instance of a firm of furriers for £97, the balance of an account for goods sold and delivered to him. An ingenious attempt to show that his brother, a commission agent in Paris, was liable for the amount and could not be sued owing to the operation of the French moratorium, was summarily rejected by the Judge, who entered judgment for the amount claimed; less £5, with costs on the higher scale.

Poaching Patronage.

In our former article we expressed the opinion that Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Robert Baden-Powell were unaware of the use which was being made of their names as patrons of this pestilential society, and we were consequently not surprised to hear from both of these distinguished gentlemen that our surmise was correct. Sir Robert writes us that our announcement was the first intimation that he had had of his being associated with such a body; whilst Lord Charles tells us that in July, 1914, the wily Oriental wrote begging for his advice in regard to a movement for the alleviation of the burden cast upon the masses by the international competition in armaments. To this appeal Lord Charles sent the characteristically bluff reply that, whilst he had hearty sympathy with the object stated, he did not think the "Citizens of the World" were going the right way to secure it—adding, "Any reduction in armaments must be world-wide, and there seems no chance at the moment of relieving the undoubted burden of taxation in order to have effective armaments to meet unforeseen contingencies." It has not required the passage of much time to show the correctness of his lordship's view. When the fact came to the knowledge of the Admiral in October, 1915, he at once wrote demanding that his name should be removed—in reply receiving an impudent letter, stating that the wily one "did not receive orders from anybody," and that Lord Charles had "changed his mind"!

A Dubious Disclaimer.

We are sorry that we cannot give as emphatic a disclaimer on behalf of Major-General Sir Harcourt Bengough, who is also included in the list. Sir Harcourt writes that he "knows nothing personally of the promoter," but that the object of the Society is one in which he is "much interested"—bearing out his assertion by enclosing a copy of the letter which he sent to a weekly review a year ago. In this he says, somewhat cryptically, that after the six months of war which we had already experienced, it was "surely time to consider how such an obviously out-of-date and inefficient medium as war, as now understood, for the settlement of international claims and disputes, can be superseded by a more adequate, just and reasonable expedient." After asserting that it is "possible to regard the several national units of the present day as a divided but an essentially united whole," there being "little or indeed less integral difference between the peoples of the present era than individuals of a nation," he sums up: "The possibility of establishing international tribunals for the settlement of international questions in dispute becomes evident." Sir Harcourt Bengough totally fails to understand the meaning of this war. It is *not* true that the several hostile national units of the present day are "a divided but an essentially united whole." There *are* great "integral differences" between the millions forming the nations which are at death-grips, and those "integral differences" will become accentuated, not modified, as the years roll on. On August 4th, 1914, the first stroke of the sword cut the ties which had united us—however loosely—to Germanism and all the evil things for which the word stands.

TORTURING THE KING'S ENGLISH.

PRETENTIOUS SCRIBE'S "ELEEMOSYNARY EPISTLE."

The advance of education is responsible for many things and some blessings, but we doubt whether his schoolmaster would congratulate Mr. Robert Cooke on his letter-writing when he cadges for a Christmas-box. Robert Cooke writes "For the Staff" of Messrs. Southwood and Freeman, Wholesale Grocers, etc., of Ashburton Works, Hammersmith, and these are the extraordinary terms in which he approaches the customers of that firm:—

Staff Xmas Box Fund, 1915.

Gentlemen,—In inditing this epistle, somewhat Eleemosynary in character, we, for set purpose utilise perspicuity of diction that our missive may not be thrust in the waste-paper basket unperused, as a mere begging letter.

We again approach you with feelings of fervid interest in your business welfare, that its enhancement will be fully commensurate with your anticipations and to our mutual satisfaction in the coming year. We, on our part, will spare no effort to secure the acme of such reciprocal aim.

Thanking you for past favours and in advance for reply to this.—Yours respectfully.

It will be observed that Mr. Cooke's style as a correspondent is modelled on that of the Gold Coast nigger, whose curious letters often afford entertainment by reason of the quaintness of their language. The nigger jumbles big words together without much sense or reason, and Mr. Christmas-box Cooke also involves himself in a maze of contortion as he twists the language and thinks he is writing fine things. The nigger's letter is usually a begging letter, and here again is Mr. Cooke a copyist. We would tell the gentleman, and the staff on whose behalf he writes, that these are no days to plague struggling tradesmen with demands for money, and that their letter is unworthy as well as ridiculous. And the staff, should they ever need a spokesman on any honourable occasion, will do well to choose one capable of "inditing an epistle" in plain, honest terms. Mr. Cooke is just a funny failure.

SCHOOLS FOR SLACKERS.

TEACHING COWARDS TO CONCOCT A CONSCIENCE.

It is not our notion that the Defence of the Realm is maintained by organisations avowedly eager to deplete the ranks of the defenders, and strongly as we demur to the exemption of "conscientious objectors"—creatures without conscience or backbone—still more strongly do we protest against the activities of these tepid Britons when they openly offer to teach the art of conscientious objection to other cowardly hang-backs. The worst offenders are the Quakers, who make public their desire to encourage slackers and shirkers and to instruct them how to pretend that they possess a conscience. Their leaflets also offer help to things called men who are "held back" by "a restraining influence to which they would find it impossible to give expression." So these unworthy Friends hasten to supply them with words and arguments, and they travel outside their own belief by sending these leaflets and printed offers to local Secretaries of the Church of England Men's Societies. This endeavour to tamper with the highest convictions of others is meeting with but small success, if we may judge by the scorn and indignation of the many Secretaries who forward the Quakers' literature to us. From all parts of the country, too, come cries of protest against offices opened by these same "Friends" for the purpose of priming cravens with hints and tips, and against newspapers which print their un-British advertisements. There is also a "National Council against Conscription" (to which the Fawcett Association has subscribed £10, much to the disgust of loyal P.O. workers) striving to a similarly dangerous and detestable end. We put it plainly to the Government and to the Army that these operations are directly opposed to the safety of the State.

A big gift is the little "John Bull" Pen.

FREE SAMPLE TIN.

Enough for 36 Feeds.

To induce every Mother to try Neave's Food for her own Baby, we will send a sample tin free (sufficient for 36 feeds) if 1½d. stamps are enclosed for postage with Coupon below. We will also send free a useful booklet, "Hints about Baby." Every Mother ought to have this Booklet, and if a sample is not required the Booklet alone will be sent free and post free.

GRANNY'S ADVICE: "Don't experiment; put Baby straight away on Neave's Food."

If you do not feed your infant at the breast, you can only thoroughly perform your first duty of fully nourishing Baby by adopting Neave's Food. It is laid down by Doctors and all Authorities on Infant Dietary that the only true test of a Baby Food is a comparison with Mother's Milk. Judge then the Merits of Neave's Food by the following testimony from five eminent Doctors of international reputation (names given on application).

"I do not hesitate to endorse the evidence of my colleagues that Neave's Food is . . . . . a valuable substitute for mother's milk."

"As regards the proportion of flesh-forming Albuminoids and the bone-forming Salts, there exists a perfect uniformity between Neave's Food and Mother's Milk."

"From the analytical comparison of Neave's Infants' Food with . . Mother's Milk, it undoubtedly follows: that when prepared for use according to the directions it is almost identically composed, and in especial contains an identical quantity of flesh-forming albuminates (proteids) and bone-forming salts as Mother's Milk."

"Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful . . . . She was not doing well on cow's milk and water alone."

"I take every opportunity of recommending your Food as the best scientific preparation where breast-feeding is contra-indicated."

Prepared with Cow's Milk, according to the directions, forms a complete diet for Infants.

Oldest.—80 years reputation.

Best.—Used in the Russian Imperial Nursery.

Cheapest.—Though the best Food, it costs less than any other.

Neave's Food

Sold everywhere in 1/- & 2/6 Tins and 4d. packets.

Royal Warrant Holders by Special Appointment to H.I.M. the Empress of Russia.

Gold Medals: London, 1900, 1906 and 1914; also Paris.

Neave's Food, although expressly designed for infants of even the tenderest age, is also a highly sustaining and nourishing food for invalids and the aged. It makes a most excellent breakfast and supper dish.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE.

FILL IN THIS COUPON.
Please send me a Free Sample Tin of Neave's Food. I enclose 1½d. stamps for postage.
Name.....
Address.....
"JOHN BULL."

I will teach YOU to Play the Piano

Brilliantly without Practice-Drudgery,

Fatigue or Failure, even though you do not know a note of Music now. I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice will do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with commonsense application, and **using the Standard Music Notation only.**

Read my interesting illustrated book **"Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard,"** and judge for yourself.

To Mr. H. Becker, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send complimentary copy of your book post free. I am a Beginner, Moderate, Advanced Player. (Cross out words which do not apply to you.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

State if Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc., or use p.s.

AN APOLOGY.

OWING to the enormous demand for the "His Country Called" pendant, together with the shortage of labour, we have been compelled to suspend advertising for some months, with the result that many of our friends have been unable to obtain them.

We have now made satisfactory arrangements for a further supply, and have pleasure in offering them at the following prices:—

9-ct. Gold - - 21/- each.
Sterling Silver 3/6 ..
Best Gilt - - 2/- ..

All beautifully enamelled in light or dark blue or black. Silver necklets to wear with same, 2/- each. Gold, 15 - each. Post free.

We are also in an exceptionally favourable position to supply COLONIAL REGIMENTAL Badges and Brooches. We have a magnificent selection of Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, etc. Write to-day.

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B.D.V. LATAKIA MIXTURE

The new and distinctive Tobacco

per 6D. oz..

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packed in cartridges 7d. per oz.

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IT is, in fact, a book to be studied and treasured by everyone who loves a Baby. Although no expense has been spared in the production of this book, we are sending it ABSOLUTELY FREE to Everyone who loves a Baby. We do this gladly because we believe in successful motherhood, and because we know that there are many things a mother must know if Baby is to pass safely through the perils of infancy and grow up sturdy, strong and a source of pride and happiness to his parents. For YOUR copy, just fill in and post this coupon, when a free copy of the Glaxo Baby Book will be sent to you, by return of post.

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To GLAXO, 45R. Kings Rd., St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me a free copy of the Glaxo Baby Book. I enclose a penny stamp for postage.

Name.....

Address.....

11916. *John Bull 4-3-16.*

"What must I do to be saved?"

Acts 16, 30.

NOT reformed, educated, or civilised, though reformation, education and civilisation are important; but reformation, education and civilisation without *salvation* are damnation for individual and nation.

Salvation is a *great historic fact*: you cannot add to it, nor take from it. Jesus Christ "came down from heaven," was born of a virgin, preached and worked miracles, died upon the cross, rose from the dead, and went back to heaven. Whether you believe it or not, it is true. The character, teachings and works of Christ prove beyond question that He was not a product of the age of which He lived, but of another world, and came to this world to redeem it from sin. The proof in favour of this proposition is so overwhelming that one who knows the proof and will not accept Christ as Divine, does violence to his reason.

Salvation, a great historic fact, by the New Birth through faith in Jesus Christ *becomes a sudden experience*. "Ye must be born from above." "As many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the children of God." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

The New Birth is a crisis which leads to a process. At some definite time you accept Christ as your Sin-bearer, and you are saved.

Then salvation *becomes a gradual process*, a growth in grace and knowledge. The life of Christ in you manifests itself in Christly character and deeds.

Salvation, a great historic fact, a sudden experience, and then a gradual process, is ever *a glorious prophecy*. The future is full of hope. Darkest nights have brightest stars, blackest clouds most beautiful rainbows. Our faces are always toward the sunrise, and it is daybreak everywhere. Death is the entrance to a higher and fuller life. The failure of all earthly expedients for betterment will end in the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ to set up His throne of peace with righteousness and bring all kingdoms under His sway.

Will you not pass the crisis by accepting Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour and begin at once the process of growth which will end in the glory?

Pastor A. C. Dixon will answer inquiries by personal interview at the close of Sunday and Thursday evening meetings in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, S.E. (near Elephant and Castle).

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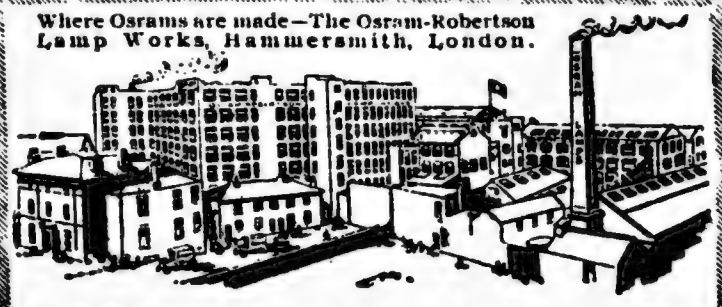

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CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

OVERHEARD NEAR EAST HERTS

Rustic: I count it unfort'nit I bean't livin' in the East Hearts division these times, sir, thaat I dew. I'd fair to live under a Member o' Parlyment waat noo summat abeut flyin' an' *h*anti-*h*aircraft, as they carlls it.

Local M.P.: Pooh! You're thinking about that fellow Pemberton-Billing, who's trying to butt into the House of Commons on the strength of an air agitation. A man like this Billing, an expert, would only be a disturbing factor in Parliament. In the first place, the Government have known for ten years at least that the Germans were building Zepps for the purpose of bombarding Britain.

Rustic: Oh, ah! Then why——

Local M.P.: Well, our Government, consisting mainly of lawyers, and consequently deserving of far greater confidence than any mere Service men, have gone thoroughly into the question of defence against enemy aircraft, and have at last, with immense labour, evolved a system which could not be improved upon.

Rustic: Oh, ah! But how did——

Local M.P.: Just let me explain, will you? Now, suppose some dark night you catch sight of a Zeppelin sailing overhead. You proceed at once to find and inform a police constable. He, having made a careful note of your evidence, lays the same before his superior officer, who hurries to the telephone and informs the mayor.

Rustic: Oh, ah! But if there bean't no mayor?

Local M.P.: Oh, but there *must* be a mayor. The Government having decided that the mayor must always be informed in such cases, there *must* be a mayor, see? Very well. The mayor proceeds at once to communicate with the nearest barracks, where the officer in command makes haste to get into touch with the General Officer Commanding the District. Thereupon, the G.O.C. lays the facts without delay before the War Office and asks for instructions. Before issuing instructions the War Office is careful to consult with the mayor of the borough where the Zeppelin has appeared. This having been done, the War Office is able to instruct the local barracks to get into communication with the nearest aerodrome. The flying officer, having heard from the barracks, at once consults the War Office and the Admiralty, and after a careful discussion of the circumstances in all their bearings on the part of the War Council, an order is issued for such local aeroplanes as there may be available, to start in immediate pursuit of the Zeppelin.

Rustic: Oh, ah! But——

Local M.P.: I'm coming to that. The Ordnance Department is next requisitioned for a few bombs, and while these are forthcoming it is decided between the War Office and the local authority what steps shall be taken in the event of damage to property befalling. By the time these necessary preliminaries are settled, the bombs may have been obtained, and the airmen are making ready to start in chase of the impudent foe.

Rustic: Oh, ah! But I rackon by thaat time the Zeps would be pretty nigh back home agin in Jarmany.

Local M.P.: Eh? What? What a grumbling, criticising chap you've grown, Hodge! Could you suggest a better system of defence than that I have described?

Rustic: Oh, ah! P'raps not. But Master Pemberton-Billing could, I rackon.

Judging from our postbag each day, large numbers of lady readers of this journal are anxious to replace men who have been called up for military service. A new feature in *Everywoman's*, giving practical advice by post on all matters of women's work, has met with great success, and all such inquirers should write to the Editor of our companion journal.

Messrs. Gale and Polden are to be heartily congratulated upon receiving the appointment of printers and publishers to H.M. Queen Mary. This firm—which, unlike some of its competitors, has never been anything else but All-British—has lately branched out into all departments of high-class printing and publishing, and this latest tribute to it comes at a happy juncture in the trade, when every effort is being put forward to oust the Germans from the prominent position in it which they have hitherto enjoyed.

THE HAPPY ALIEN.

RECOMMENDED FOR INTERNMENT, BUT FREE.

Canvassing for orders for enlargements of photographs is often, as we have had occasion to show, an undesirable occupation. It is, however, followed by Samuel Scharfstein, an obvious alien, and it is a stupid and slothful country that permits him to follow it. Being at Benson, in Oxfordshire, he is alleged to have unwarrantably entered a house for the purpose of soliciting an order, and he was summoned by a soldier's wife for assault. The report, from a local newspaper, states that "the Magistrates, in the circumstances, dismissed the case." We do not know what were the "circumstances" disposing them to that course, but we note that the Justices wisely decided, as the man was an alien, to examine his papers. And we read, "He had an Exemption Certificate from the War Office, but it was found that his case was one which had been recommended for internment, and the Chairman warned him to be more careful in the future." We would certainly endorse that warning, while we at the same time ponder upon the spectacle of Samuel Scharfstein, "recommended for internment," travelling the country with an Exemption Certificate from the War Office. It reads like an extract from a comic opera.

PENCIL PIN-PRICKS.

WHEN AUSTRIAN-MADE P NCILS WILL BE WANTED.

A Tees-side reader tells us that the office and technical staff of a well-known local firm, engaged exclusively on war work, are supplied with lead pencils marked "'Elf Hexagon.' L. & C. Hardtmuth, Austria," and are naturally indignant that their hands should be defiled with such things while their heads are busily occupied with schemes for improving the output of munitions to shorten the existence of the makers of the articles.

From far-off Delhi, too, comes a similar complaint. The patriotism of the staff at Army Headquarters has lately sustained a series of pin-pricks by pencils made by A. W. Faber, of Bavaria, as well as by Hardtmuth, being issued to them. From the fact that the samples before us bear the official stamp, it is pretty clear that these enemy firms had contracts with the Indian Government. The friend who lays the grievance before us regards as a sinister sign the fact that, whereas the incriminating wording was, in pre-war days, boldly stamped in silver, it is now much more difficult to decipher. Why, asks he, do not the authorities support British makers—or at any rate encourage our Allies, the Japanese, who have now entered the market?

There is in India, we are told, a great chance for British manufacturers to capture enemy trade. At present, however, it is in some parts impossible to procure goods of other than German or Austrian make. Our correspondent one day recently tried all over Delhi to get a cup, either of ware or enamel, but every one offered to him was "Made in Austria." Austria should certainly keep all her pencils. They will be wanted sooner than is generally expected—to effect the "writing on the wall" for her friend the Kaiser.

"PRINTERS' PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Stratford-upon-Avon Herald":—

"Mr. —— has received a POSTCARD from his groom at the front, Driver ——, ENCLOSING A TALLY which he had found in the middle of a truss of hay."

"Daily Dispatch":—

"The profits of the Bradford Dyers' Association exceed the most SANGUINARY expectations."

"Ireland's Own":—

"Geofrey slept . . . with a couple of blissfully happy terriers AT HIS FEET, and HIS FEET ON THE MANTELPIECE."

See page iii of cover for our Football Competition.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The two-and-a-half year old son of a soldier at the front died, and, as is so common, his distracted mother had no money for the funeral expenses. She was advised to apply to us, and we saved the little one from a pauper's grave.

A fine old chap, who has been a soldier, is now decrepit and infirm. He was on the verge of starvation—his sole income being 3s. 6d. a week allowed him by his soldier son, his other lad having been killed at the front—when his sad plight came to our notice, and we were able to alleviate his lot.

Numerous men are discharged from home service, broken down in health and unable to work, unentitled to either pension or allowance. Many others are sent back from France, invalided out on account of illness or wounds, and are granted pensions—but more often than not the dole is of a temporary character and amounts to only 4s. 8d. a week. Obviously a man cannot keep wife and family on such a miserable pittance, and even for single men the money would suffice only to pay for a nightly shelter of the most miserable kind. Such cases are brought to our notice in large numbers and cannot be ignored. They are a growing strain on our fund, and we look forward with great apprehension to the time—soon at hand—when a host of men whose discharge has been pending for medical reasons, will be sent on to the streets to sink or swim—the home service victims, as we have said, being entitled to no monetary consideration from the State.

A mother has two sons in the Army, and one at home who is suffering from consumption. She has less than twelve shillings a week to live on, and has to pay back by instalments a small grant made to her out of the public multi-million fund when she was in great distress. She bore her hardships cheerfully, but as she was being overwhelmed she decided to apply to us—and was, of course, successful.

A partially disabled ex-soldier who cannot work, explained to us that, after his experiences at the front, he was not inclined to grumble about the personal hardships which have befallen him here; but the wolf of want was in his home, and worse than the horrors of the trenches was watching his wife and children pine and starve. The case was a thoroughly genuine one, and was immediately helped.

The widow of a man who went down on one of H.M. ships has been granted a very small pension, which she receives monthly. She is burdened with troubles, and has a baby boy who was never seen by his father. She made application to us, and we came to her assistance.

We had a request from the widow of a man who was killed in France, and whose only son was wounded and discharged. In such cases an adequate pension should be granted by the Chelsea Commissioners, but, unfortunately, the help extended by the nation to this woman—who, by the way, is an invalid—is not sufficient for the needs of herself and her disabled son. We therefore made her as large a grant as the other demands upon our fund permitted.

A soldier is back from the front to have splinters of shrapnel removed from various parts of his body, and is in hospital in Ireland. His wife was over here suffering from bad health, which supervened on the appearance of a baby five months ago. Wishing to see her husband and show him the little hostage to fortune which he had never seen, she found she could not travel owing to the want of her fare, but a kindly neighbour advised her to write to John Bull, and we provided the necessary amount.

A widow lost her main support under tragic circumstances. She has three children of tender years, and a son who is at the Front. Her total assured income is 4s. 8d., which she receives by way of separation allowance. Owing to the necessity of providing food, the home is now bare, the bulk of the poor woman's goods being in the pawn-shop—as is, unfortunately, only too common among soldiers' families just now. On the case being laid before us, we assisted in a practical manner.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Buzz," 10s.; F. S. S. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; M. W., 6d.; "Bimbo and Jo," 5s.; W. T., 1s. 3d.; "A Welshwoman," 2s. 6d.; T. M. M., 5s.; "Busy Bee," 1s.; Mrs. G. C., 1s.; M. J. (Calcutta), 10s.; "Scotland for Ever," 4s.; "Staff at Beaufort, L. and N.W. Rly.," 7s. 10d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; F. E., 1s.; H. G., 1s.; "In Memory," W. M. D., 2s. 6d.; "A Reader," 2s.; P. A. D. (Singapore), £2; Mrs. H. E., 2s. 6d.; "Constant Reader" (Saltcoats), 5s.; W. A. M., 10s.; A. McC., 1s.; A. E. S., 1s.; M. G. F., 1s. 6d.; H. T. B., 6d.; J. C., 1s.; "Wiskey Gean," 2s. 6d.; R. A. D., 3s. 6d.; J. S., 1s.; C. R. J., 6d.; R. G., 1 dollar; "Collection Amazon Telegraph Co.'s Counter, Manaos," £1 9s. 9d.; S. L. S., 1s.; A. P. C., 1s.; E. J. H., 1s.; E. W. T. (Orpington), 2s. 9d.; K. P., 1s.; M. S. R., 10s.; "Snowdrop," 5s.; Mrs. M., £2; F. B., 2s.; L. C., 5d.; H. S. H., 5s. 4d.; "Gratitude," 5s.; "Stockings," 1s.; A. H., 4s. 6d.; H. A. S., 1s.; F. S., 2s.; "No. 176," 1s. 6d.; "Two Constant Readers," 2s.; A. S. H., 1s.; Mrs. S. I., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; B. B., 2s. 6d.; T. B., 2s.; I. R. T., 6d.; "Rekab," 3s. 6d.; "R.N.V.R.S.W.S." (Chelmsford Section), 10s. 6d.; F. M., 2s.; "Inyamazana," 5s.; A. McC., 1s.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; "Collected on board s.s. *Orissa*" (per C. H. H.), 30s.; "The Mem and Baby," 21s.; A. S. (Rangoon), 4s.; "Innocence," 1s.; "An Interested Reader," 1s.; S. G. L., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

Mr. E. C. Johnson, the winner of the first prize in our 175th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING-BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London.—Messrs. S. Cohen and Co., 141, Victoria Street, 2s. 9½d.; Mr. W. E. Webb, "Carpenter's Arms," Catherine Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Lane, "African Tavern," Poplar, 3s. 4d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 8s. 9d.; Mr. M. A. Gittoe, "Rose of Denmark," 322, Roman Road, Old Ford, 16s.; Mr. A. Johnson, "Distillers Arms," Hancock Road, Bromley, E., 3s. 0½d.; Mr. W. Huth, 87, East Street, Walworth, 1s. 5d.; Mr. W. J. Lygo, "Cock and Bottle," 13, China Walk, Lambeth Road, S.E., 4s. 6d.; Mr. F. Vesco, "Carlisle Arms," Bateman Street, Soho, 2s. 7d.; Mr. L. J. Brown, "The Sadlers," Swallow Street, 3s. 8d.; Mr. G. Layton, "Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 3s.; Mr. J. Henriques, "Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 3s. 1½d.; Mr. J. Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, 9s.; Mr W. J. Gowing, "White Lion," Central Street, St. Lukes, 4s. 6d.; Mr. C. E. Marshall, "Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, 2s. 6d.; Mr. B. Barney, 195, Kentish Town Road, 5s. 6d.

Lincoln.—Mr. H. Marks, Canteen Manager, New Barracks, 4s. 6d.

Bordon Camp.—Mr. W. Roe, Messrs. Neath and Wiltshire, Motor Engineers, 7s. 9d.

Penarth.—Mr. W. E. Jones, 37, Stanwell Road, £2 2s.

Ystrad.—Mr. Fred Shortman, 67, Gelligaled Road, 5s.

Faversham.—Mr. J. Duran, 78, Preston Street, 18s.

Darlington.—Mr. E. A. Teasdale, 68, Clifton Road, 7s.

Leicester.—Mr. M. Niblett, Albion Street, 3s. 3d.

Wallsend.—Mr. W. Stephenson, 46, Station Road, 3s. 11d.

Hatfield.—Mr. C. Weedon, "Green Man," Hatfield, 3s. 10d.

Get rich quick by making "Bullets." See page 28.

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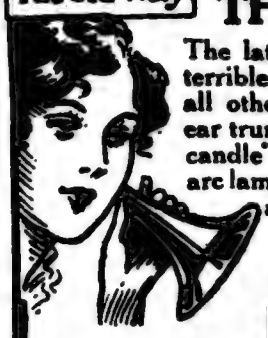

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Making Teetotallers.

Military regulations provide that every unit must have a wet and a dry canteen. We learn that some of our new Commanding Officers forbid a canteen of any kind—so that the men in training are, by the arbitrary rules of such persons, compulsorily converted to teetotalism. Great hardship is, too, thus inflicted upon honest tradesmen. For instance, in the South of Ireland in many districts the shops selling strong liquors also vend dubbin, stationery, riding whips, and food. These places have been placed out of bounds by the little local tin gods, with a result that even the teetotal soldier cannot buy a tin of blacking. May we commend this matter to the attention of Mr. Tennant?

A Word of Thanks.

Numerous men at the Front have written to us telling us that, from one end of the line to the other, John Bull is known as the *Trench Weekly*. We bow.

Concerning Leave.

Many of the lads, too, have written complaining that leave solemnly promised—even by the King—has been withheld. In some cases half a battalion has been granted leave and the remainder refused for some inscrutable reason. The pity is, that the men who have been done out of the privilege cannot go beyond their Commanding Officer to Lord Kitchener, Mr. Tennant, or some other of the higher authorities. They therefore write to John Bull, and all we can do is voice the grievance in the hope that justice will be done. A Colonial cavalry regiment, formed here in 1914, have been abroad doing good work in the trenches as infantrymen. Not a single man has had a day's leave since the corp was formed. Will Whitehall please note?

Good News for the Cripples.

For months we have been bombarded with letters from men who have been wounded or invalided and are no longer fit to act as soldiers—many of them, we regret to say, are no longer fit to earn their living as civilians except by playing piano-organs or selling studs and boot-laces. The men wondered why they should still be kept in the Army pending discharge, and appealed to us to get them passed from the ranks. We may now sound the loud timbrel, as the whole lot are to be returned to civil life. The total to be got rid of will amount to roughly 200,000—the bulk representing men no longer fit, but a certain proportion will consist of the lower elements, whose absence in khaki from their usual haunts and avocations is responsible for the emptiness of our gaols. Knowing fighting men as we do, we suggest that the latter gentry should be turned into disciplinary battalions such as the French have. They are desperadoes who would fight to the death, and could do invaluable service in the most advanced lines. If they are now turned out upon the civil population, it will be necessary to increase our regular and special police forces.

The Officer and the Man.

Of course Tommy is but a poor, common soldier; the officer—even the new type—is something much higher. According to Regulations, if an officer loses his sword during action the State—otherwise the taxpayer—buys him a new one. If the common soldier in the stress of battle loses his cap, his pack, or anything else, he must replace it out of his scanty pay. Any man who has been in a rush knows how easy it is to lose a portion of his kit—and in the case of a repulse, it is ten to one that any attempt to recover it will mean death. Heaven knows, an advance or retreat under heavy fire is sufficiently galling to our men, and we leave our readers to imagine how aggravating to the brave fellows is the demand for payment for an article lost in the life-or-death struggle. A lot of hot air is published concerning the "splendid treatment" of our soldiers; as a matter of fact, we should hang our heads in shame.

Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!

We have, we are glad to say, lately been able to compliment the Brigadier-General who is Inspector of the Pay Department and has really done marvels, when the difficulties which he has had to face are taken into consideration—in these times of extraordinary pressure we have been compelled to enlist Assistant Paymasters and others whose ways pass all understanding. It is no fault of the head of the Department that such a state of affairs as this should exist: A trooper of the North Devon Hussars went to Gallipoli. He drew no pay during the voyage from England nor while at the front—neither did he get a halfpenny on his way home, invalided, or while in a Cardiff Hospital. On leaving the institution for ten days' leave he was given £1, and on rejoining his regiment was actually told that he was in debt to the State. Fancy a civilian commercial concern working a man to death, giving him no pay, and at the end of six months telling him that he is in debt to his employer! The thing is almost beyond belief, but it is all of a piece with the bungling and blundering of some of the subordinates in our Army Departments

For Mr. Tennant.

A few weeks ago we published a paragraph concerning the unfair way in which our men's characters are sometimes made out on discharge, and we gave a specific instance in which a Major endorsed an A.S.C. man's paper, "I know nothing against this man." When our exposure appeared, the poor fellow was written to for the return of his parchment for alteration. He sent it, and we—naturally anticipating prompt rectification—published a further paragraph congratulating the officer on doing the right thing. However, we learn that, up to date, the man has not had his amended character. The well-paid Major no doubt lives in comfort, but the poor devil in question cannot find employment until he obtains his papers, endorsed in a favourable manner. This is a case which may interest the Under-Secretary of State for War, who has repeatedly expressed his interest in our discharged soldiers, broken or otherwise—if Mr. Tennant applies to us we shall be pleased to give him full particulars of the case. An officer who treats an unfortunate invalided soldier in this way should be given a sharp lesson.

Our Brave Guests.

We continue to receive letters asking us why young Belgians should scoop up the positions vacated by the men of our blood who have gone out to risk their lives for Belgium. We give it up. While we render all praise to the little State for the part it has played, particularly in the early stage of the war, we do not see why we should support men of military age who ought to be out in their own country carrying rifles. It would seem that the true men of Belgium are fighting for their war-riven land, whilst we in our usual mule-headed way are supporting the scum—who hold out their hands for charity and are afraid to fight.

Missing Men.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. W. Evans, 11455, Welsh Fusrs.; Pte. C. C. Batch, 8897, A Co., 9th East Surreys; Sgt. R. Coombs, 2719, 2nd Rifle Bgde.; Pte. E. Watkins, 26524, 2nd Welsh Rgt.; Pte. Henry Burton Jarrot, Z 3-221, C Co., R.N.V.R., Nelson Batt., Mersey Div., R.N.D.; Rfn. F. Porter, 15785, B Co., 9th R.I.R.; Pte. C. West, 2216, A Co., 13th (Kensingtons), London Rgt.; Pte. C. H. Clarke, 1061, A Co., 1st Batt., Australian Imperial Force; Pte. D. Suttie, 1823, 2nd Co., 2nd Black Watch; Pte. J. Sturrock, 11174, C Co., 1st Scots Gds.; Drummer J. Swan, 12604, C Co., 6th K.O.S.B., L.-Cp. E. Singer, C Co., 7th Norfolk Rgt.; Gr. S. Holles, 125th Bty., 27th Bgde., 4th Division, R.F.A.; Sergt. R. Harker, 23708, B Co., 1st King's, Liverpool; Pte. J. Richards, 2785, E Co., 1-7 Batt. R.W.F.; Pte. M. McVicor, 5333, B Co., 8th Royal West Kents; Pte. A. B. McKenzie, 5053, 9th Seaforth Hdrs.; Pte. R. C. Lewis, 19253, 2nd Leicestershires; Pte. A. Burt, 10496, B Co., 7th Gloucesters; Sgt. H. Chafer, C Co., 1st Lincolns; Pte. J. Wills, 16408, B Co., 2nd Leicesters; Pte. G. Cummings, 10609, B Co., 6th East Yorks; Pte. E. H. Baseley, 9185, 4th Worcesters; L.-Cpl T. Sutherland, 7513, 8th Black Watch.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

J. W. (Wells).—Certainly, not only all our "doddering Generals," but all our doddering Colonels and Majors should also be scrapped. But what is even more important is to scrap all our doddering politicians.

"MUNITION WORKER."—If you are not satisfied with the working conditions and pay you should place the facts before Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister for Munitions, Westminster, London.

CREW OF H.M.D. "SHIELDS" (Poole).—We are under the impression that the first German submarine to be destroyed in the war was sank by H.M.S. *Birmingham* in Aug., 1914.

"AN IRISHMAN."—"Why was Ireland excluded from the Military Service (Compulsion) Act?" You should have read the Parliamentary debate on the point. You might have then understood. On the other hand, you might not.

F. M. (Dundry).—We daresay the Kaiser could spare an Iron Cross for the "Mad Hatter" M.P., as you call him.

MRS. P. (Kentish Town) says that the 13th chap. Revelation states that the war will last 42 months. Let those believe it who like.

B. J. (Winton) wishes us to cease writing about the war and direct our abilities "into other channels." Several members of the Government wish the same.

"A WORKER" (Rhyl) thinks munitions workers should have a pint of beer every morning at 11 o'clock at the Government expense. Sorry, but we cannot see the pint.

W. D. (Batley) points out that whereas Sir John Simon drew £62,772 in five years, Sir John Jellicoe receives only £3,467 in all per annum. It is an anachronism; but we would sooner be Jellicoe, all the same.

A. L. (Brixton) hopes "they will shoot every man who will not do his duty to his country." We have it in us to hope the same—provided they start *at the top*.

"BRITISHER" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—There is not the slightest doubt that "pro-Germanism among the English" has prolonged the war. The Navy's all right, the Army's all right, and the People are all right. It is in the Government where the fault lies. In other words, the British fish stinks a little in the head.

"CONSTANT READER" (Musselburgh).—We presume that the address of the "Leicester Fat Boy" is Leicester—unless he has joined up. If so, may he never be taken prisoner. The Germans are short of fat.

H. D. (Shepherd's Bush).—"I am convinced that our chief failures in the war have been *military*, not political." Don't you believe it.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Romford).—"Why have Liberal Governments always shown so much weakness in warfare?" For the same reason that dogs delight to bark and bite—it is their nature to.

"A LOYAL BRITON" says "everything in England is known to the Germans." Well, what can one expect, with so many alien enemies uninterned?

"ANTI-GERMAN" (Manchester).—It is almost incredible that a German machine tool-maker, naturalised since the war, is allowed to attend confidential munitions meetings addressed by Lloyd George, and that petitions against such a scandal have been ignored. We must know more of this.

A. H. (Bradford).—The woman who wrote that curious letter in your local paper is unworthy of consideration. Her view of the war is not shared by the good women of the land, and may be set down to personal idiosyncrasy or natural defects. She herself writes, "Call me pro-German or anything you like." We should be inclined to accept her invitation.

"ARDENT ADMIRER" (Edinburgh) asks us to decide a dispute as to whether we were once connected with the I.L.P., and sat in the House of Commons as a member of the Labour Party. Who has been pulling his leg?

S. W. M. (Musselburgh).—You suggest that we are "creating disunion in the British Empire." You ought to be in a Home if you are subject to such delusions.

"VIM" (Yorks.).—Neither the verses with their sanguinary repetition, nor the report of the Germans having taken Cascara, are new, and they are equally offensive.

R. M. R. (Liverpool).—We do not doubt that letters from private citizens complaining of the undue restrictions placed upon drinking facilities in Liverpool were ignored by the local "hide-the-truth" press, which thereupon had the audacity to state that the *only* protests came from brewers and publicans.

"PAT THE HILENDER" says: "Take away the Irish in the Scotch Regiments and its pussle find the Reigement"! We fancy that is a slight exaggeration.

"A TICKET EXAMINER" (London).—If, as you say, you and your sister ticket collectrices perform precisely the same amount of labour, bear the same responsibility, and work the same length of hours as the male collectors at your station, it seems hardly fair that while the men are paid 28s. and a 5s. war bonus weekly, you receive only 22s. in all. But you must not forget that while you are a temporary hand, your male colleagues probably are old servants of the Company, entitled to a little extra consideration.

F. L. (Newport).—"Who is the richest man in the world?" It is impossible to say until the war is over. So many ghouls are taking advantage of it to get rich quick that we may find some of the aforetime multi-millionaires have been left standing.

"LIVERPUDLIAN" (S. Woodford).—The fact of your being a "Dicky Sam" enables you to speak with authority on the subject of that old fraud the Rev. Aked, now in Yankeeland. We are obliged for the additional information you send us.

J. B. (Wallsend-on-Tyne).—How people who claim to be patriotic Britons can continue to patronise German pork butchers is as much a mystery to us as to you. One would have expected the inhabitants of the Newcastle district to know better.

W. R. (Catford).—There is nothing inconsistent in our plea for younger generals, and our belief in "blood." Nor is there in our plea for opportunities for carpenters and blacksmiths to become Field Marshals. Although we hold the opinion that "blood will tell," we recognise that genius is greater than breed.

M. R. (Southwark).—Not to put too fine a point upon it, it was scarcely patriotic and not over-honest on the part of the officials of St. Peter's Chapel, Palace Street, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., to send out invitations to hear carols sung on picture post-cards "printed in Bavaria," but with that offensive legend carefully blacked out.

B. B. (Oulton Broad).—We have returned your drawing and correspondence with the Ministry of Munitions. Your suggestion appears to have been given *some* consideration, which is more than many other hapless inventors can say.

"MINER."—You have no right to say we "are no friend of the South Wales miner." We are the friend of no miner, English, Welsh, or Scotch, who shirks his job when the country is in peril.

"ADMIRER" (Brakpan, Transvaal).—Nevertheless, we retain to the full our confidence in the loyalty of General Botha. Surely his work on behalf of the Empire speaks for itself? Local racial feeling between the Dutch and the English, at which you hint, is a subject we are not in a position to discuss.

"A CONVERT" (Boscombe).—Many persons are "foolishly and unreasonably prejudiced against JOHN BULL" who have never read us, and that, as you confess, was your case until recently. We are glad to know you have now removed the reproach from yourself.

H. F. P. (Southsea).—Why trouble about comparatively blameless Crippen while the Kaiser, King of Assassins, remains unhanged?

Help is better than sympathy. See page ii of cover.

"SCRIPTONIAN" (Markfield).—There is no reference, either direct or indirect, to England in the Scriptures. Some dreamers would have it that we are the lost ten tribes of Israel, but anthropologists deny that we have any Semitic characteristics.

G. B. B. (Cornwall).—Have nothing to do with Hardy, Roberts and Co., debt collectors, of Chancery Lane, London.

"FAIR PLAY" (Birmingham).—You will not see any reference, other than this, to your letters so long as you choose to remain anonymous.

R. A. D. (Whitchurch).—A though you look upon this paper "as a public exposement of person's of doing unjust or trying to imbessel person's out of their rights," as you eloquently phrase it, we are afraid we cannot interest ourselves in your private financial complications. If you are dissatisfied with the lawyer who has your affairs in hand, engage another to keep an eye on him. You know the old saying, "Set a lawyer to catch a lawyer."

L. G. (Newport).—Sorry we cannot find room for your little satirical skit. Blame the paper famine.

"BONNY MARY" (Derby).—It is all very well for you to exclaim "Oh, John!" and tell us you broke your stay-lace through laughing at our "Letter Bag." We can entertain no claim for damages. Use a boot-lace. There is nothing like leather.

T. H. M. (Salonica Force) unkindly sets a trap for our trusting feet. "Which has the most value," he asks, "½ ton of sovereigns or 1 ton of half-sovereigns?" When we first heard that we nearly dropped our "soother."

A. B. C. (Tufnell Park).—The marriage of first cousins is perfectly legal. Had you given your name and full address, your question would have been answered by post. Will other correspondents sending legal inquiries please note?

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—The £1 you sent for the benefit of the sailor's wife fined for the irregular school attendance of her children has been returned to us by the Post Office, the envelope marked "Gone away." We have therefore added the sum to our War Sufferers' Fund.

Pte. H. T. (2/1st City of London R.F.).—Afraid we do not know where you can obtain a copy of Mr. Kaufman's poem, "The Hell-Gates of Soissons," but possibly one of our other readers may be able to tell you.

MR. M. WHITE.—Letters addressed to you at 96, Powis Street, Woolwich, have been returned to us, marked "Unknown." Please communicate with our Pen Dept.

F. W. (Nelson), after sending 7d. for postage and packing for one picture, has—like a previous correspondent—received two from the Globe Fine Art Co., coupled with a request for a further 9d., and wants to know what to do with the superfluous article. Ah, that is the Globe Co.'s "fine art"! It's the money they want!

Miss H. McW. (Stirling).—All "Bullets" prizes are dispatched in time to reach their respective winners on or before the date of publication of the result of the competition.

"FLAPPER" AND "NOISETTE" (Kidderminster) are two schoolgirls of 17 and 16 respectively, "always frightfully interested in JOHN BULL, absolutely sick of staying at home," and "positively aching to fight." In which case we are afraid they must go on aching. No doubt Tommy would welcome them at the front, but the time has not yet come for mobilising regiments of Amazons.

"AN ABERDEEN ADMIRER."—Your 2s. has been forwarded to the wife of the soldier against whom a Committal Order was made for the non-payment of balance due in respect to rates. Many thanks.

"CONSTANT READER" (Nailstone).—For what earthly reason do you want to know Lord Lonsdale's height? Some little grievance between you?

"ENQUIRER."—The Oil and Carbon Products Co., Ltd., is still in existence at Watergate House, Adelphi, W.C., but we do not know the name of Benson in connection with it. We do not think the Company has done much good.

P. W. (Ormskirk).—Hugh McKean, the mail order humbug, is a tricky representative of that glorious nation which is too proud to fight. You can make better use of your money than by helping to keep such parasites in affluence.

R. G. (Newport).—It is impossible for us to answer the thousands of letters we have received on the compulsion question, but as you are one of the "Fors" you are in good company—for in the current issue of *Everywoman's* Viscountess Wolseley, Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, Lady Grove, and other prominent leaders of women's thought have contributed their signed opinions, under the heading of "Why I Believe in Compulsion."

J. H. G. (Gravesend).—Thanks for your photo. The inclusion of JOHN BULL in the picture is a compliment which we appreciate.

A. A. (Springfield, Mass.).—The Michael Kenna Buffet in your city looks a top-hole place for a drink, but the vast brass spittoon in the foreground gives us an unpleasant heaving of the diaphragm. A nation which is too proud to fight should be too proud to spit.

A. E. B. (Leadenhall).—General Sir William Robertson, the new Chief of the Imperial Staff, was born at Welbourne, in Lincolnshire.

"JIMMY TURNABOUT" (Robertsbridge). — The threepenny "snowball" coupon scheme engineered by the Wholesale Supply Stores, 111, Whitton Street, Northwich, is an excellent one to have nothing whatever to do with. Ignore all such obvious ramps.

D. C. (New Washington).—We do not think it would be worth your while to summon the Bargain Watch Co., of Cornwallis Road, London, N., for the return of your 5s. 11d. It is a shady concern not worth powder and shot.

C. H. P. (Tooting, S.W.).—In our opinion you might just as well tie a bit of pink tape round your waist (if any) as to wear a so-called magnetic belt.

Mrs. B. (Leicester).—It is exceedingly kind of you, but for the life of us we cannot imagine why you should have sent us a photo of your "youngest."

O. W. (Withernsea).—You may be clever at music, Olive, but you really are a dud at poetry.

A. W. (Belfast).—Go to! Thou art pedantic. "What is it you expect to hear from us about," may not be a sentence of classic beauty, but it is good old colloquial English, nevertheless.

J. B. (Ossett).—You accuse us of being an Anglo-Israelite. We deny the soft impeachment. It does not make us the least bit more satisfied with our British nationality to be told that we are "the seed of Isaac and Jacob." Why drag in the ancient Hebrews?

"HILLEND" (Greenock).—Miners should be considered to be skilled workmen. Their apprenticeship is served in the mine. The miner's average weekly wage varies in different districts.

J. F. (Tooting).—You have much to learn yet, but from your handwriting we should imagine you to be of tender years.

PRIVATE J. A. J. (Larkhill).—Too long by yards.

D. B. J. (Cardigan).—We have never yet been satisfied as to the practical value of the instruction provided by the Poor Law Postal Training College, of 229, Strand, W.C.

T. C. (Parkstone).—We know nothing whatever of the "Eyesight Specialist" you name, but do not quack. Go to an expert opthalmist.

E. J. McK. (Kilburn Park).—You say you know your verses are "simply rotten," and we cannot find it in our heart to disagree with you.

J. K. (Liverpool).—We have no means of knowing whether or not the lady is as black as she is painted. And why do you, a schoolmaster, call her a *bete noir?* Should not the adjective agree with the noun?

"SUPERANNUATED" (Southport) thinks that "some influential gentleman should initiate a proposal" for increasing the pensions of superannuated bank and insurance clerks. Any influential gentleman kindly oblige?

C. S. (L. Edmonton).—You have a nerve to send us a screed like that. Or perhaps you have merely mistaken the shop, and want somebody expert in deciphering hieroglyphics?

T. C. (Astwood Bank).—He is not "the only young fellow almost frightened to death to serve." But what's that to do with the other 200 of you, who presumably are not?

J. G. (Victoria, B.C.) commences an interesting screed with the statement that we are "as full of practical good sense as an egg is full of meat." But we scorn the foreign yolk.

A. T. (Reading).—Germany made no formal declaration of war on France, but broke across the frontier at several points. Prior to this Germany had presented an ultimatum to Russia which was tantamount to a declaration of war.

E. P. (Bedford Park).—Why does the gas company charge 3s. per 1,000 feet for gas supplied through an ordinary meter and 8s. 10d. for slot meters? We guess the answer to this conundrum is that slot meters are used mainly by poorer people, who are more easily put upon. The charge should be less, because the Company gets paid in advance; and the cost of collection cannot be great.

"SHAKESPERIO" (Clapham, S.W.) has "been told by people who have studied Shakespeare, that when he wrote some of his best works he was drunk" We have no patience with such stupid libels on the mighty dead. But we would rather believe Shakespeare was drunk when he wrote than that he was that scheming and corrupt politician, Francis Bacon.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably left over.)

There's something for everybody in "Everywoman's."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, K.C.

Mornin', sir . . . 'Air trimmed? Very good, sir. You know best. It's yore 'air. But I reckon this rage fur economy is bein' carried a bit too fur, sir. But I'm glad to 'ear you've been given a charnce to do your bit orl the same. . . . *Do I know 'oo you are?* Not 'arf, me lord—to give you wot chewer intitled to in the way of a n'andle to yore name. You're Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., a member o' the 'Otel Cecil, as they useter call the 'Ouses o' Parlyment in yore pore farther's time. An' now you've got the best charnce you've ever 'ad in yore life to do a bit o' good fur the Ole Country. "Minister of Blockade"! That's some title, ain't it, sir? And a seat in the Cabinet along with it, and a *H*under Secretaryship fur Foreign Affairs! Some job, orl thet, me lord! I 'ope you'll prove equal to it. You 'aven't struck me as bein' spesh'lly keen on shovin' too much pressure on German trade up to now—but now you've bin made responsible, in a way, fur the Blockade, I 'ope you'll put the strangle 'old on the 'Uns an' starve the swines out as soon as you can. . . . Wot's thet, me lord? *Nootral int'rests 'as to be studied?* Now, *don't* begin to tork like thet, sir, as soon as you start in yore noo crib. You'll take orl the 'eart outer the country if you tork like thet. It's yore bizniss to show the Nootrals it's as much their int'rest to leave orf smugglin' grub an' stuff into Germany as wot it is ours. We know it's goin' on—they've admitted it theirselves. 'Aven't greedy Dutch traders bin fined £45,000 fur smugglin' goods into Germany lately? . . . Yes-sir, thet wos in face of the Dutch N.O.T., an' orl! Well, thet don't 'urt the contrabandists, sir. Their fines are paid by the 'Uns, you bet, an' goes into the coffers o' the Dutch Guv'ment. . . . Now, me lord, are you agoin' to stop thet sorter thing orltogether? . . . *Depends on yore Committee?* Oh, lor, there you go again! Nuthink but Committees! W'ere's the *h*individual responsibility wot makes a man careful in case 'e loses 'is job? Oh, no, the Guv'ment won't 'ave none o' thet. It shoves up Committees and 'ides be'ind them. Look at Lord Derby—'e's bin made sorter Chairman of a sorter Joint *H*air Committee, now, an' Percy Scott 'as bin paid orf. If the Zepps. come over again an' nuthink ain't done against 'em, it'll be a case of "the Committee is doin' its very best," an' orl thet sorter tosh. Same with yore job, I shouldn't be surprised, me lord. If the people start kickin' up a row erbout goods goin' through 'Olland an' Sweden into Germany, you'll say yore Committee "is doin' its very best, but we mustn't offend the Nootrals!" Thet'll be it, sir. No *h*individual responsibility again—no one to 'ang w'en things goes wrong. . . . *Wot would I do?* W'y, put 'Olland an' Sweden on a allowance, unless they like to stand in with us an' 'elp to bring the wore to a end *in a few weeks.* Yes, *a few weeks, me lord.* . . . *Thet's* it, sir. . . . Good day, me lord. Thank you, much obliged. . . . '*E* won't take my advice, although it's the best 'e's *h*ever 'ad! . . .

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for February 26th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 006,342 and A286,748. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Betting on the new "National" does not go with very much fire. Those who, I think, possess the biggest chances are Ally Sloper, Lord Marcus, Irish Mail and Father Confessor. I believe the last two are pretty certain to be the selected of Gore's and Hartigan's stables, but Whitaker may yet find something better than Lord Marcus.

At Lingfield, on Friday, I think Son o' Melton can win the Selling Hurdle. He is a little better than that class, Wavelet's Prince is very well treated in the Surrey Steeplechase, and in the Selling Steeplechase Newry looks best, though I have a reasonable dread of old Bridge IV., who likes this course so much. The Bimpkin has a fine turn of speed, and may win the Welter Flat Race. On Saturday, Cornuscrescine should win the Sussex Selling Hurdle; Father Confessor the Brighton Steeplechase; Toadstone the Godstone Hurdle, and Kodak the Rowlands Maiden Steeplechase.

Orders for Thursday's *Special* should reach Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, by Wednesday morning, and wire clients will be well advised to let me have their orders, c.o. John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, by Wednesday evening. The charge for the two days will, as usual, be 8s., or for any one day 5s.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 21.

Two readers sent coupons showing only two errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £50:—

Mr. A. King, Thorncroft Farm, Great Henny, Suffolk.
Mr. W. Slater, 56, Cromarty Avenue, Newlands, Glasgow, Scotland.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Mrs. SPURLE, Senr., Seatown Farm, Chidlock, Bridport, Dorset. February 5th. 519951.

J. T. BARTLETT, 21, Cunningham Road, Doncaster. February 5th. 942540.

W. RENSHAW, 9, Woodside Gardens, Bruce Grove, N. February 12th. 926433.

C. GREENWAY, 154, Upper Lewes Road, Brighton. February 12th. A122117.

L. E. JENNER, 214, High Street, Chatham. February 12th. A325165.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 26th:—

025631	284791	574962	876943	A114412
046276	306895	592643	8826[illegible]9	A180695
063581	335673	631749	887424	A197247
100043	367100	664911	900103	A203238
127493	387542	683542	950045	A238865
150905	399357	725834	988832	A2 7472
174209	446526	766943	A006142	A262004
216431	470651	797884	A055214	A321365
245202	523432	803761	A068154	A368702
263911	558761	869574	A099387	A377555

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 8th).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. March 4th, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

DENTISTRY WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. Goldberg, the well-known West End Dental Authority, comes out boldly, and says pain caused to anyone sitting in a dentist s chair means but two things—either a lack of skill on the part of the dentist, or his failure to employ the modern devices and means placed at his dispcsal by modern science and discovery.

Neither of these failings is excusable ; neverthless, they exist, with the result that a peculiar fear and timidity have been instilled in the minds of those suffering from dental trouble.

Especially is this the case with those suffering from decayed and aching teeth ; that is why Mr. Goldberg guarantees to extract any decayed tooth without the slightest twinge of pain.

But, speaking of extractions, Mr. Goldberg by no means favours the extracting of teeth. He prefers to save decaying teeth wherever possible.

GREATEST AUTHORITY ON BAR AND BRIDGE WORK.

It was his wonderful Bar and Bridge work that first brought Mr. Goldberg into prominence. Indeed, it was greatly owing to his skill in this particular branch in the science of dentistry that made his improved American system of Bridge work so much in favour in England. Where the ordinary Dentist will advise a plate, Mr. Goldberg will introduce a Bridge with such skill and dexterity, and so cheaply, that one is almost amazed.

PLATES NECESSARY SOMETIMES.

But, as Mr. Goldberg says, "Plates are necessary sometimes, and when this is the case, they have just got to be properly fitted so as to be absolutely comfortable to the wearer, no matter what the formation of the mouth may be. Failure to do this means an ill-fitting and irritating plate, faulty articulation, and no end of bother when the wearer masticates his or her food.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Goldberg, "here is a letter ; read it." This is an exact copy of the letter :—

Mr. Goldberg.—Dear Sir,—

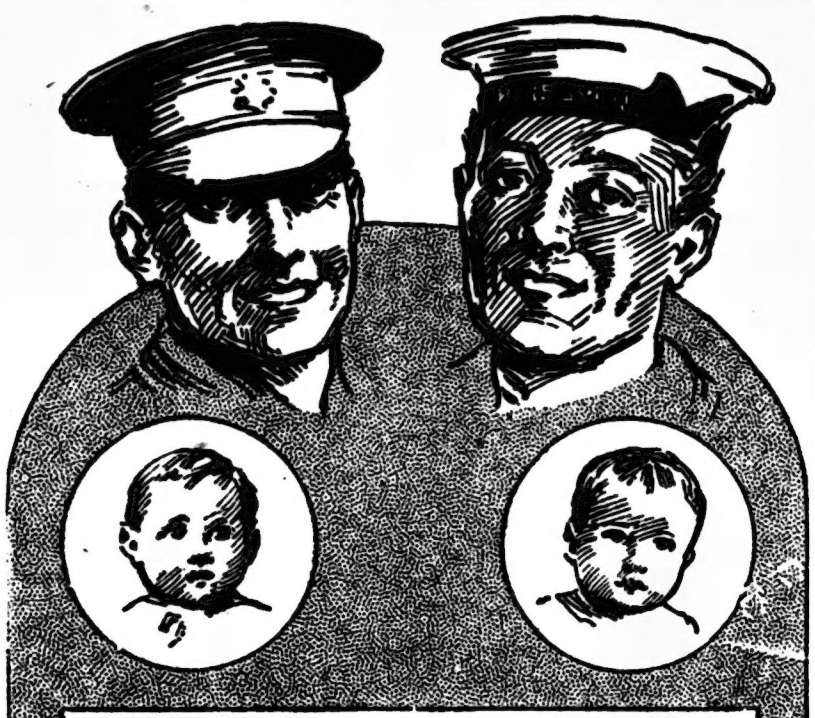
I am very satisfied with the excellent and easy fitting double plates which you have made for me. Within a period of over six years I have had five different plates made by highly recommended dentists in the States and Canada, but I have had to discard them owing to their bad fit. This speaks most favourably for your special way of treating a difficult formation of roof in so satisfactory a way.—I remain, yours sincerely, *R. J. C. WOLSELEY.*

Stafford, March 16th, 1914.

For the benefit of those desiring their teeth attended to, and their name is legion, Mr. Goldberg s fees are as reasonable as anyone can expect when good, reliable, and painless work is the major consideration ; indeed, much more reasonable than those of most Dentists, when the superiority of his work is taken into consideration.

His Consulting Rooms are at 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, W. He is easily accessible, either by appointment or just a haphazard call, a convenience that men, most of all, can thoroughly appreciate. His telephone number is 2022 Mayfair.

NOTE from the Advertisement Manager of "JOHN BULL": "Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the matter, and the appearance of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contra[illegible] T.)



What kind of man will your baby become?

You want that tiny mite, crowing in your lap, to be happy and contented, of course—but you want that mite also to be sure of a manhood or womanhood virile, courageous, and staunch enough to stand alone in the great struggle which most certainly confronts it.

Do you know that many of the splendid fellows who to-day safeguard your hearths and homes from the terrors which have been wrought elsewhere are men who owe much of their strength and vigour to the Nestlé's Milk upon which they were reared in babyhood?

We have published under the title "Proofs—not Promises," a magnificent shilling ALBUM OF PHOTOS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS who were brought up as children on Nestlé's Milk. A copy of this splendid Album will be sent *free* to any Mother, Doctor or Nurse sending a postcard mentioning this paper.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Cash price 7½d. & 4d. per tin of all Grocers and Stores.

NESTLÉ'S.
6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

By Appointment to *H.M. The King.*

Nestlé's 1916 Baby Book now in preparation

"BULLETS" BRING THE BIGGEST PRIZES.

2nd PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2nd PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 9th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(179) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 179," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 9th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(179) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 180. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 16th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 180 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 180, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 180.

SHOULD BE TAXED	WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES	BACK ANSWERS	THE LATEST REPORT
THE RUSSIAN BEAR	WANTS WASHING	WHEN FATHER CALLS	NOT WORTH TAKING
BOUNCING BABY	A RARE BARGAIN	A SORRY MEETING	CHEAP AND NASTY
DISHING THE KAISER	MEETING HIS MATCH	KEEPING WARM	A DIRTY TRICK
THE SERGEANT-MAJOR	GOING TO SLEEP	UPSETTING THE PEACE	DON'T BELIEVE THAT

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 179:—

TRYING TO ADVANCE
FORCED MARCH
GERMANY'S LATEST THREAT
SEEKING EXEMPTION
TAKING LITTLE BAGGAGE
DISTURBING ELEMENT
TOMMY AND JACK
POOR DEVIL
WANTED AT ONCE
SOMEBODY'S DARLING
BASKING A LOSER
LONELY SOLDIER
ON NIGHT DUTY
WON'T FIGHT
WHAT MASTER LIKES
GETTING SHORT
MANAGES TO PLEASE
STRONG ARGUMENT
A DEAR GIRL
BORROWING TROUBLE
SOLD BY AUCTION
BECOMING WIFE
MAKES PEOPLE TALK
SECOND MATE
LIKE A WOMAN
RISKY CALLING
WHEN FATHER'S TOUCHED
WIDE AWAKE
A BIG HIT
OH A GOOD THING

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
WIDE AWAKE.
Bullet:—
EVERYBODY MUST BE NOWADAYS.

Example:—
MAKES PEOPLE TALK.
Bullet:—
NEW NEIGHBOUR ARRIVES.

Example:—
STRONG ARGUMENT.
Bullet:—
GENERALLY WINS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 25th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's," dated March 4th.

RESULT OF 176TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £1,000:

Mr. **TOM BIRCH,**
24, Cobden Street,
Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.
Example:—THE KAISER'S FUTURE.
Bullet:—WON'T "REST" WITH CLERGY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:—

Mr. **C. CHAMBERLAIN,**
78, Lisle Road, Colchester.
Example:—WEARY WILLIE.
Bullet:—A "WORN-OUT SUBJECT."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Miss EVA WRIGHT, 22, New Park Street, Leicester:
PRESIDENT WILSON—CONSIDERS AMERICA'S "SAFE."

Mr. J. MAYNARD, 10, Portland Road, Hove:
THE KAISER'S FUTURE—SETTLED AFTER "MARCH PAST."

Private D. BATEY, R.A.M.C., Room A1, Hillsbro' Barracks, Sheffield:
A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL—"DROP" SENTIMENT—AN BOMBS.

Mr. ARTHUR F. SELFE, 39, Avenon's Rd., Plaistow, E.:
THE MAIN OBJECT—FINISHING WAR ON "WATER."

Miss L. MONDS, Garrison Schools, Marlboro' Lines, Aldershot:
THE KAISER'S FUTURE—ANSWER SHOULD BE "GUARDED."

Mr. HY. HILL, 173, Balmoral Road, Gillingham, Kent:
PEACE CRANKS — VIRTUES SELDOM INCLUDE "RESIGNATION."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

JEAN MUNRO, 47, Church Street, Ibrox, Glasgow:
PRETTY CLOSE — POLITICIANS — TO KITCHENER'S ELBOW.

Mr. ALBERT CHARLES COX, 11, Bridport Ter., Dorchester:
LANGUAGE OF LOVE—PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT—FOOLS.

Mr. THOMAS EVANS, 63, Rupert Hill, Liverpool:
KEEPING HER PLACE—SLAVEY FATHER COULDN'T "CHUCK."

Mr. C. J. REDFERN, JUNR., 46, Montague Road, Victoria Park, London, N.E.:
WEARY WILLIE—ONLY "WASHES" HIS THROAT.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s EACH:—

Mr. S. FEARN, "Riverlyn," Swallowbeck, Lincoln:
NICE AND WARM—SHIPPING SHAREHOLDER THIS WINTER.

Mrs. LILY SWEENEY, 1096, Chester Road, Stretford, Manchester:
PRETTY CLOSE—OUR "COLUMNS" IN FUTURE.

Mr. DAVID HOPKINS, 37, Crythan Road, Neath, S. Wales:
PRETTY CLOSE—TO STEALING—SOME BORROWING.

Mr. DAVID HOWELLS, 16, Ropewalk, Neath, South Wales:
THE KAISER'S FUTURE—DOESN'T WORRY OUR "HEADS."

Mr. J. O. JONES, 4, Royal Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool:
WORKING MODEL—RICH SCHOLAR SCHOOLMASTER SAYS.

Mr. N. H. MARSHALL, 7, Blyth Road, Worksop, Notts.:
NICE AND WARM—GIRL CAN'T BE BOTH.

Mr. F. R. FANSHAWE, "Le Hurel," St. Martin's, Guernsey:
APPEALS TO FATHER—A SMALL VOICE "STILL."

Miss M. J. OVERTON, 7, Chester Terrace London, S.W.:
TAKING FRIGHT—THE "FLY" MAN "FLIES."

Mr. F. CLEWS, 61, High Street, Evesham, Worcs.:
PRESIDENT WILSON—AMERICA'S CHIEF "OVERLOOKER."

Mr. DAVID WIGHTMAN, The Mains, Moosend:
ON THE QUIET—EVERY SPY APPRECIATES "CRIME."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 9th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(179) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, March 9th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(179) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 179." "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, March 11th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 16 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Blackpool will beat Burnley you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Burnley will beat Blackpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross (X).*

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Flora Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, March 10th. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your Stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Blackpool	v.	Burnley
			Rochdale	v.	Bury
			Everton	v.	Stockport C.
			Derby C.	v.	Leicester F.
			Grimsby	v.	Sheffield W.
			Leeds City	v.	Bradford City
			Lincoln City	v.	Hull City
			Stoke	v.	Notts F.
			Watford	v.	Fulham
			Reading	v.	West Ham U.
			Clapton O.	v.	Crystal P.
			Millwall	v.	Arsenal
			Aberdeen	v.	Hearts
			Ayr United	v.	Dundee
			Queen's Park	v.	Clyde
			Third Lanark	v.	Dumbarton
			Falkirk	v.	Partick T.
			Motherwell	v.	Kilmarnock

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

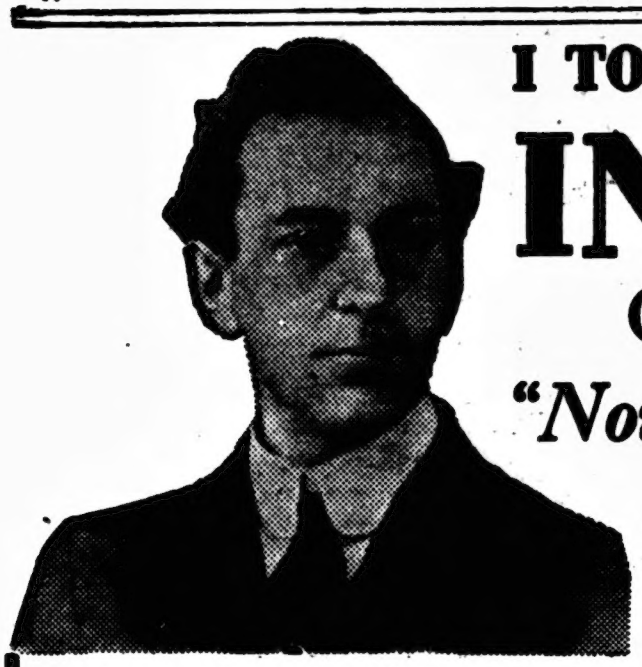
PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 24 Closing date, Friday, March 10th.

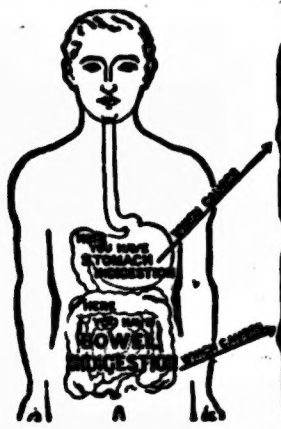


I TOOK CICFA—the ONLY CURE for INDIGESTION (in STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire." "I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the small tubes. I had been suffering from Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again.—Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain. Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.

GET CICFA NOW, OR TEST IT

DO YOU KNOW

that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice, which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food, is very acid, and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food, and thus cause Indigestion? These are not our ideas, they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and one penny stamp for postage, with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

John Bull, 4/2/16

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 8595.